The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year, ... $1.50
" " six months, ... .75
" " three " ..... .50

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXXIII. SALEM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1885. NO. 21.

JOB PRINTING

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"VANITY OF VANITIES"

"Vanity of Vanities," the world is full of sin,
The pot of evil boiling all the time;
The big man and the little man in breathless haste to win
His eagle or his dollar or his dime;
And yet though o'er this desert waste the winds of evil blow,
There's many a cheerful glimmer shining out above the snow.

A thousand traps and pitfalls lie about us every day,
Temptations and delusions by the score;
The malob in his selfishness rolls by us on the way,
The poor man often langs his cottage door;
And yet there's compensation. Every clumsy mortal whines,
Who grasps a hornet by its sting or hedgehog by its spines.

Amid the selfish thousands there are hundreds true and kind,
With many noble features that redeem;
The roughest one has value if it be but well refined,
And men are mostly better than they seem;
If looking out for brambles you are sure to find their darts;
Perhaps you'll be as lucky if you closely look for hearts.

For after all is uttered, we but find that which we seek,
The searcher after weaknesses will find;
Unbeliefs and you'll wonder at the kind words mortals speak,
No beauties have a message for the blind;
The world is but a mirror, and within our neighbor's face
We see our soul reflected in its ugliness or grace.

"Vanity of Vanities," the world is full of sin,
But also full of sunshine and of flowers;
The man who works for happiness its smile will surely win,
The man who seeks shall find his sunny hours;
So thrust the little barriers of its selfishness aside,
And find the hidden blessings lying under all its pride;
The sun is always somewhere, and the good old world is wide.

—*I. Edgar Jones, in the Current.*

OLIVE'S ADVENTURE.

"But I don't believe any one would take the trouble to molest us!" said Mr. Jaynesford, genially, as he threw a fresh log, moss-fringed and odorous of the late dead leaves, among which it had lain all the autumn time, upon the blazing fire. "In the first place, we've got nothing to steal—and in the second place, if we were all murdered, I can't see any particular good it would do anybody. So I calculate we may sleep quietly in our beds."

"Yes—but, father," said Mrs. Jaynesford, with an anxious look (she was a modern Martha, cumbered with many cares, this angular, hard-working, yellow-faced farmer's wife); "I really think you ought to get an extra bolt on the back door, and I never did think a hook and staple was a safe thing for the little hall door. If there is a gang of burglars and murderers going through the country—"

And Olive Morrison, the little lame school mistress, who happened that week to be "boarding" at Farmer Jaynesford's, moved her seat instinctively closer into the angle of the chimney corner, and lifted a pair of large, gray, startled eyes toward the good-humored face of her host.

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Mr. Jaynesford, "I keep a loaded rifle and old Towser has a throat like a trumpet, and I guess if they come here they'll clear out again pretty quick. Anyway I'm not afeard of 'em."

"There is such a thing as foolhardiness, Jotham!" said his wife, sententiously, as she stirred the batter for the morning's griddle-cakes in a squat stone jar with high-shouldered handles on either side.

Olive Morison went to her room that night, in fear and trembling, after having set up by the family fire as long as she could possibly find any excuse for so sitting up and lingering. She was a soft-eyed, rosy-complexioned little thing, with a tender, tuneful voice—a girl who would have been very beautiful, were it not for the paralysis of one limb, which made it necessary for her to walk with a crutch, and somewhat dwarfed her natural height. Everybody liked Olive.

The parsimonious opened their hands to her simple needs—the churlish grew almost courteous—the hard-hearted instinctively softened, and those who believed in the hopeless depravity of human nature, made an exception in favor of Olive Morison. Even the riotous, rebellious young horde of the district school were more malleable, by far, under her gentle rule than they had been under that of the male teacher, who had just resigned his position in despair.

As she stood before the glass unbraiding the brown, shining strands of her long and luxuriant hair, Mrs. Jaynesford looked into the room.

"It's a sharp, frosty night, Miss Olive," she said; "hadn't you better have an extra comfortable on your bed?"

"I don't think I need it, Mrs. Jaynesford," said the girl. "But do—do you really think there is any danger of our being robbed and murdered?"

"I only know what I've heard, there bein' a gang o' lawless fellers in the country, Mrs. Jaynesford added, with a sort of gloomy satisfaction in the prospect. "And I don't know why they shouldn't come here as well as any place; 'tain't likely they know we hain't no silver, and Jotham keeps all his money in the county bank. Towser's all very well, but I've heard o' better dogs than he is, bein' settled by a dose of poison, and I'd like to know what good Jotham's loaded rifle's goin' to do us, arter he's had his throat cut from ear to ear in his sleep!"

"Oh, Mrs. Jaynesford!" shuddered Olive, the brush falling from her nervous fingers; "I can't stay alone to-night—will you send Bessie in to sleep with me?"

But in spite of little Bessie Jaynesford's peaceful breathing at her side, Olive could not go to sleep until midnight, and when at last a few snatches of capricious slumber visited her eyelids, it was embittered by frightful dreams of black crape masked burglars standing at her bedside, and pistols presented close to her eyebrows.

"I shaw!" said Olive to herself next morning, as she viewed her pale face and swollen eyes. "I am a goose—and I'll be one no longer. What could any one gain by hurting a poor lame girl like me." I don't believe there are any burglars around—and if there should be, I don't believe they will come to Farmer Jaynesford's."

But the walk was long and lonely, and when Olive reached the fallen tree, just beyond the rocky spring, where the school children always stopped to drink, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, to rest a little, ere pursuing the remainder of her weary way.

As she did so, the sound of human voices reached her ear—the gruff, low voices of two men talking by the spring beyond. Olive's heart stood still, as she suspended her breath, in order to listen! Who could they be? What were they doing there at that hour? Should she scream and fly, or should she trust to her dark dress and the obscurity of the twilight to screen her from discovery? She chose the latter alternative, and shrank further into the deep shadow of the withered beech copse.

"A brown house," said one man, "with a big chimbley in the middle and a new stun wall round it—I tell yer you can't miss it."

A new chill of terror crept through Olive's veins as she recognized the description of the Jaynesfords' farmhouse.

"And how the plague are we to get in without rousin' the house?" retorted the second man, rather harsher and more grating than the first.

"He told me. Thar ain't no fastenin but a hasp on the shed door—it's easy lifted with a bit of crooked wire. We can slip in when they're asleep, an' whew, the thing's done in a minute!"

"I don't believe in no such way of goin' to work as that," growled the second man.

"What would you do? Go round to the front door and rouse 'em all up! Pshaw, Jim, you're a deal too soft-hearted, and that's what I've always said!"

"I don't like the job, anyhow," sullenly retorted the other man.

"It's soon over," was the indifferent reply, "and where's the odds? Ain't it all the same a hundred years from now? Pooh, Jim, I didn't 'spose you was such a soft-stomached Miss Nancy of a feller."

"I ain't no wuss than anybody else!" growled Jim, "but I'm human, and I've a little gal of my own to home, no bigger than Jaynesford's little Bessie, and—"

* * * * *

The Jaynesfords heard her tale with breathless horror and dismay.

"I knowed it!" cried Mrs. Jaynesford, with prophetic unction. "I told you how it would be all along, Jotham, but ye wouldn't listen to me! I'm a woman, and women ain't worth payin' no 'tention to!"

"But I don't see what it is they're arter!' honest Jotham cried, scratching the bristly black curls of his round pate. "Anyhow, I'll send over for Deacon Donley's two sons and Joseph Packer, and we'll give them a good old-fashioned welcome, let them come how and when they may. You say there are only two of 'em, Miss Olive?"

"I only heard two of them talking," said Olive, "but there may have been a dozen for what I know."

"I guess we can manage 'em," said hopeful Jotham, taking down the gun from its two hooks over the stone chimney piece and beginning leisurely to inspect it. "Forewarned is forearmed, they say, and I've alays found there was a good deal o' solid truth in them old proverbs my gran'ther used to quote!"

Evidently there was no sleep for the Jaynesford family that night. All hands silently made their arrangements for a vigil.

"We must kindle up the fire and put out the lights, as usual, at 9 o'clock," said Jotham.

"Father," pleaded little Bessie, "can I bring my two pet lambs in out of the shed?"

"Nonsense, child, nonsense," said Jotham. But he did not further object, and Bessie made a bed for the two pets in the shaving basket in the corner of the roomy old kitchen, greatly to their mutual content.

Mrs. Jaynesford sat knitting gloomily; if she had been told that the world was to come to an end within the next twenty-four hours, she would still have taken up her knitting—and Olive and Bessie nestled close to her side, while Jotham paced thoughtfully up and down the floor, waiting for the arrival of the auxiliaries for whom he had already dispatched a messenger. The clock had just struck 8, when a brisk knock came to the door—every one started as if the simple sound had been a trumpet of doom.

"Don't open the door, Jotham!" gasped Mrs. Jaynesford, but Jotham drew back the bolt nevertheless.

"It's some neighbor," said he. "Wy, Jim Ellison and Jake Bleeker! I'm right down glad to see ye! Bessie, run right down-stairs, an' draw a pitcher of cider, and bring up some o' mother's fresh doughnuts!"

As the visitor returned their host's cordial greeting, Olive uttered a loud cry:

"The men—the men I heard talking by the spring!" she gasped feebly. "Oh, Mr. Jaynesford, turn them from your door—they are robbers and murderers!"

"Eh!" cried Jotham. "Jim and Jake robbers and murderers! I guess not, Miss Olive."

"Let them answer for themselves," cried Olive, hysterically. "What bloody deed is it from which one of them recoiled, but which the other said would 'scon be over?' What was the plot to gain secret admittance through the shed door? What——"

The taller and stouter of the two strangers shook with peal after peal of noiseless laughter.

"I'll tell ye what 'twas, miss, before the little gal comes back," he said, in the gruff, husky voice that had so terrified Olive Morison by the twilight spring. "I said then 'twas an ugly job, and won't say no less now. Jaynesford, he sold me them lambs o' his little gals.—I drive a meat cart, miss—and he told me to come on the sly and get 'em away, for she was dretful fond ov 'em. So when we come to-night, and found they wasn't in the outshed, says I to Jake Bleeker, says I: "We've jes' got to go an' ask up an' down for 'em; so I knocked, an' here we be."

"Is that all?" sighed Olive, with a face of inexpressible relief. "Oh, I have been terrified."

And she broke into hysteric laughter, while Mrs. Jaynesford sat by, half disappointed that there had been no mortal peril after all.

So faded away the only appearance of danger that molested the quiet Western vale, and that was the last the Jaynesford family ever heard of robbers, burglars, and murderers.

But Mrs. Jaynesford had bought a big box-lock, and affixed it to the shed door, and takes great delight in ceremoniously locking it every night of her life.

"You can't be too careful!" says Mrs. Jaynesford.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKERS.

THE SUGAR CAMP YEARS AGO AND AT PRESENT.

Old And New Processes Described—Backwoods Fun in Former Times—Curious Things About Sap.

A New York commission merchant said to a *Times* reporter: "The art of making maple sugar has greatly improved everywhere within the past few years. In the early days tapping a maple tree was simply the cutting in it with an axe, a foot and a half above the ground, a sloping notch three inches deep at the bottom, which was scooped out into a miniature trough. As the notch filled with sap it was ladled out. By this means of procuring the sap much of it was wasted, and then the augur hole and the hollow piece of elder came into use. It is not many years ago since any one walking through a sugar bush in the sap-running season could see the sap dripping through these elder tubes into rude troughs made by hollowing out with an axe a piece of log split in half, and holding three or four gallons. In the sap dead flies, bees, leaves, and twigs were always to be seen floating, and in the removal of these more or less sap was wasted. In the days of the elder and the wooden trough, the sap was carried to the old time boiling kettles, which were usually the ones used in the periodical soap-makings. These were hung over fires built on the ground and thus the sap while boiling was exposed again to all kinds of foreign substances. The manner of hanging these kettles was peculiar, and I know of many old farmers who make sugar simply for their own household use who stick to the old crane and kettle still. In hanging a kettle a tall, slim tree would be selected and cut four or five five feet from the ground. It was then trimmed of its branches and a hole bored through its butt end large enough to admit a strong wooden pin. This pin was then driven into the top of the stump, and the trunk of the tree could be swung around at will. The kettle was hung on this crane over the fire, and, when it was necessary, was swung aside to make it convenient for further operations. The sap was carried in from the trees in pails, borne by yokes across the shoulders not only of rustic swains but maidens as well, for sugar making in the old days was a gala time and always looked forward to with joy by young and old, although it meant weeks of the hardest drudgery.

"The sugar camp was the place for love making and all kinds of backwoods fun. Then, more than under the present system, it was frequently necessary, when the sap was running free, to boil all night. The grove, lighted up by many fires and peopled with many flitting forms of merry girls and lusty farm lads, presented a picturesque scene. On such occasion the country fiddler added the charm of his presence, and every moment that could be snatched from attention to tree and kettle was spent in hilarious devotion to dances whose graceful figures have long since been forgotten. It was very important to keep a close watch on the boiling kettles, for the sap was liable to boil over. Sometimes, even by the most violent and persistent stirring of the seething sweetness, the watcher was not able to stay this inclination, and in such emergencies a piece of fat pork was always kept handy to throw into the rising sap. This would instantly allay the trouble in the kettle by breaking the rapidly forming bubbles by some action which I never quite understood.

"It would not do to leave the sap long without stirring, for there was danger of scorching and certainty of its getting too thick. The work of stirring a large kettle could only be done by a strong person, and he required frequent relief. There was always some one of long experience in sugar making, generally a woman, who was the tester of a camp. She went from kettle to kettle, carrying a gourd dipper half full of sap or water. Dipping a spoonful of the boiling syrup from a kettle she threw it in the gourd and judged by its action whether it had reached the graining stage, or that approach to it when the fires should be lowered, if not extinguished. When all was ready the syrup was turned off and the sugar run into well-greased pans, cups, bowls and dishes of all shapes and sizes.

"But a sugar camp nowadays, while it is a cheerful and hospitable place to visit, is vastly different from what it was in our grandfathers' days. There is no more boxing of trees, the elder stick has disappeared, and the wooden trough is never found in a well-regulated sugar bush. A small metal spile driven into a small auger hole now conducts the sap into tightly covered tin buckets. There are no insects or dirt to be taken from the sap when it is carried to the evaporating pans, and none is wasted. The evaporating pan, which has taken the place of the old kettle, is a broad, shallow pan, built in an arched furnace, and sheltered by a close building. The sap flows in at one end of the pan and follows devious furrows or passages in the bottom of the pan. By the time it reaches the end of these the sugar has been deposited and the sap flows out at the lower end of the pan as maple syrup. When this cools it is placed in the pan again, after straining, and beaten eggs and milk added to it. The heat is gradually increased, and the eggs and milk thicken and collect the impurities, and all rise to the surface, when they are readily removed in a body. When this syrup runs off the process of 'sugaring off' is completed, and the sugar is simply placed in molds and is ready for market.

"There are many curious things about sap. It will not run freely unless there are mingled conditions of heat, cold and light. Sap runs best with a still, dry, dense atmosphere, and when there is a north or west wind. A frozen soil, thawing through the day and hardening again at night, and plenty of snow in the woods makes the best weather for sap. The more oxygen there is in the air the better sap will run. If there comes a heavy snowstorm during sap weather, with a freeze following it, and then a thaw, the sugar maker may expect the best possible run of sap. Trees do not want to be close together to secure a good flow, and hence the anomaly in sugar-making that a few trees may be more productive than a good many. Sap that runs at night will make more sugar than the same quantity running by day and also when it is caught near a snowstorm or a freeze. It is held by many sugar-makers that sap is better when trees grow in dry soil, are tapped on the south side, and when the tap is made high. Difference in quality of sugar, therefore, is due in a great measure to soil and location of trees, and to climatic and meteorological conditions. Care and cleanliness in manufacture may make up, however, for deficiencies in other requisites.

Where the Virginius Victims Fell.

One of the sights of Santiago, writes a correspondent of the New York *Times* from Cuba, is the spot where some of the Virginius prisoners were shot. It is a six feet high wall in front of the slaughter house. The men were stood up in line, with their faces to the wall and their backs to the soldiers, and murdered. The story they tell there of the rescue of the remainder of the prisoners is an interesting one. Americans and Englishmen in Santiago tell the story; the natives don't tell it, for obvious reasons. The government, so the story goes, had interdicted the sending of any message over the cable concerning the killing of these prisoners. But there was an English boy in the telegraph office, learning the business, and he watched his chance when the operator was out, and, standing unconcernedly with his back to the key, while the office was guarded by Spanish soldiers, he put his hands behind him and managed to send over to Jamaica this startling message:

"There's the dickens to pay in Santiago. They're butchering men of all nations."

You must imagine how such a message was received in Jamaica; how the operator read it and re-read it and wondered whether it was a hoax, and read it again and then sent it up to the governor. The governor perhaps had had experience with the Spaniards before, for he sent the message without delay to the commander of a British gunboat that lay in Kingston harbor, and the commander had faith enough in it to put on all steam and point his bow for Santiago. For if men of all nations were being butchered there must be Englishmen among them. Next morning the British gunboat lay in Santiago harbor, and how glad those poor prisoners must have been to see her there, Americans as well as English. The commander sent a messenger ashore to learn what was going on, but he came back without any information. Rifle shots were frequently heard, and he sent one of his principal officers to see the commandant of the Spanish troops to inquire whether any British subjects were in trouble, and the commandant sent him back an impudent reply, saying that he had just shot one batch of prisoners and intended to shoot another lot within an hour, and then it was none of his business. Then the British commander sent a message ashore that the Spanish general might possibly have thought uncivil. It was to the effect that if he heard another shot fired until he had assurances that no British subjects were being murdered he would open fire on the city. This did the business, and the shooting stopped. The gunboat staid long enough to see that the remaining prisoners had at least fair play, and thus saved a good many lives.

New York's Cider Business.

As a rule the city men contract with the farmers for the delivery of apples at certain times of the fall and winter, although some who have extensive storage rooms receive the crop as fast as it is gathered, and store the apples for use as the demand requires. About ten gallons of cider can be pressed from a barrel of apples, and, as the apples have been large and sound this year, the cider is of excellent quality.

"The cider business of New York and Brooklyn is confined to repacking into kegs to suit the trade, refining and clarifying for summer use, and making vinegar," a packer explained in the course of a talk about cider in particular as well as in general. "Very little cider comes from Long Island. A little comes in early in the season, but through the winter a regular trade there is supplied from New York. Pressing is begun in September. Some farmers may have enough apples to take to a mill, and get four or five barrels of cider, one of which he uses and the rest he sells to the storekeeper, and that is about the extent of the cider business on the island, although I hear that a mill has been in operation at Glen Cove. The main supply comes from the Hudson river valley and central New York. I have taken the product of one mill in Greene county for twelve years.

"By the way, I maintain that cider nowadays is better than the cider we used to make when boys on the New England farms. Thousands of men in New York to day can recall the old press beside the barn or in one corner of the orchard, as well as I can. We used to think there was nothing purer than the cider we pressed out. The apples were sound and juicy and the straw was as sweet as could be, and I suppose the remembrance of sipping cider through a straw as it came from the press will never pass away. But in those days we used to soak the straw in the brook several days to make it tough enough to bend without breaking, and it would soak up a good deal of water. It was a good deal easier to press the water out of the straw than to press juice from the pomace, and I don't know that I ever saw cider in the old times that didn't have a good product of water. Cider mills have improved greatly in all these years, and we have better cider. Some mills in this State produce from 20,000 to 30,000 barrels of cider in a year. They would make the eyes of an old New England farmer stick right out of his head."

—*New York Times.*

Sanitary Mustaches.

A Parisian paper has published a letter from a correspondent in a southern French town in which he describes an extraordinary system of prophylaxis against cholera which has come into vogue there. The epidemic has not, indeed, made its appearance in or anywhere near the place, but the inhabitants live in constant apprehension of a visit from it. A. M. C—, who is one of the principal alarmists, took, it seems, to oiling his mustache with carbolic acid some time ago in the hope of "disgusting the microbes," and so keeping them away from his respiratory apparatus. Soon after a nephew of this ingenious gentleman, a youth still in his teens, to whom nature had so far refused the means of following his uncle's example to the letter, bought himself a pair of artificial mustaches such as are worn in carnival time, and these he regularly irrigates with the salutary if unfragrant fluid. The panic spreading in the family, Mlle. C— was next observed by the members, when she took her evening walk in the garden, to be the wearer of a superb pair of sanitary mustaches. And, if we may credit the correspondent the example has proved as contagious as the cholera itself; several of the townspeople of both sexes have adopted the preventive treatment in use in the C— family; and if there be no epidemic of cholera in the town, a perfect epidemic of mustaches is raging there.

A GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

A STRANGE STORY OF INSECT RAVAGES IN KANSAS.

Grasshoppers Coming in Countless Millions and Stripping the Country of Vegetation in a Few Days.

An old resident of Kansas has given a New York *Tribune* correspondent a vivid account of a grasshopper visitation. He said:

"I was employed on the railroad at that time, and worked with a section gang whose duty it was to keep the track for a certain portion of the road in good condition. Stories of the near approach of the grasshoppers and the destruction being wrought by them were becoming more frequent day by day, and we were constantly on the lookout for them. Finally, one bright August afternoon as we were working in a hut in a large piece of woods we heard a roaring sound in the trees coming nearer and nearer. I took it to be a heavy breeze. One of the men who had lived there many years, and who had often entertained me with his recollections, looked up and exclaimed:

"'Here come the 'hoppers, curse them!—and all my summer's labor in my garden will be thrown away.'

"In a moment a grasshopper lit on the ground beside me, and then another and another, and in less than five minutes the ground was covered with them, and still they came, lighting on our faces, on our hair, in our mouths, if we were unwary enough to open them; on the bushes, anywhere and everywhere. In an hour it was almost impossible to see a bit of ground, and the bushes were so loaded that they were bent to the ground. The road between the rails was one living, jumping mass, and the rails were almost out of sight, to deep were they getting. Still they continued to come, and I found myself wondering if they would never stop. It was almost impossible to work. If you looked up suddenly and did not shield your eyes in some manner, they would come with such force, that striking you in the eye, they would almost blind you. We could not step without treading on them and crushing them, so thick were they. The place where we were working was at the summit of a slight grade in the road. Up this grade a passenger train soon came rushing along. The grasshoppers did not all succeed in getting off the rail and thousands were crushed, greasing the track and the wheels of the engine. Before the train got half way up the grade it began to slacken its speed, and then we saw the driving wheels of the engine slipping round and round but not taking hold of the rail. Sand was thrown beneath the wheel, but the effect was only temporary, and the train came to a stop. Brooms were fastened on the engine just in front of the wheels so that they touched the rail, sweeping the insects aside, and after much effort and a long delay the train succeeded in starting again and worked its way slowly along.

"Wherever the pests had settled on anything green they began at once to eat, and such appetites as they possessed! They did not object to anything unless it had a sweet taste—that they would not touch. The leaves began to disappear from the trees and bushes as if by magic. On our way home that evening we had to pass a large cornfield, the owner of which and his family had spent their whole time that season in cultivating. Such a scene of destruction I had never dreamed of as was presented to my astonished gaze. Where only twelve hours before stood a forty-acre field of corn so tall and thick that a man's head could not be seen anywhere in it and all just coming out in tassel, nothing remained but the bare stalks looking like so many reeds. The owner and his family stood looking at the ruin with the tears streaming down their sunburned cheeks, the very pictures of despair.

"Turning away we made our way home with fear in our hearts for our own gardens. I went around to the back of the house to see what was left of the neat beds that had been my pride; only that morning I had been boasting to my wife that we had the finest garden in the village. Nothing remained but the sweet potatoes and the inner red meat of the watermelons. The outside had been entirely eaten away, leaving about two wagon loads of the sweet red meat lying in the sun; in ten days more they would have been ready to pick. The cabbages were all eaten clean from the stump; the beets, carrots, beans and the rest were all gnawed close to the ground. I turned away heart sick and sat down by the front door. In front of the house was a high picket fence, and as the sun went down I noticed the grasshoppers gathering on the fence like chickens going to roost; before dark you could not see between the pickets. The fence looked like one living mass of grasshoppers; the side of the house was also thickly covered. The rooms in the house were full of them; they were heaped on the chairs, the curtains, the table, the bed. They leaped into the food being prepared for our supper. It was impossible to keep them out, as the weather was very warm and the doors and windows were all open. For the next few days we could not place a dish of anything on the table without having one or more tumble in it before we could eat the contents. After going to bed we could not move without disturbing them, and then they would crawl over one's face, causing a very unpleasant sensation. They would eat through a piece of cloth or muslin, and soon destroy curtains or clothing if they were not closely watched. The next morning I went to start the fire which I had fixed all ready to light the night before. I had left one of the lids off the stove, and as I applied the match to the paper I heard a great commotion inside. I looked in to ascertain the cause and found the stove full of them, and soon they were roasting in fine style.

"In three or four days there was nothing green to be seen. The country looked as barren and forsaken as a desert. The grass was all eaten away, the weeds also, and the leaves were stripped from the trees and bushes. Looking toward the sun you could see them flying overhead like flakes of snow in countless thousands. After they had eaten up everything they departed, and God only knows the suffering their visit caused the poor people of Kansas during the following winter.

Coffee made with distilled water is said to have a greatly improved aroma. It seems that the mineral carbonates in common water render the tannin of the coffee berry soluble, but the drug will not dissolve in distilled water.

In a Saco mill a man recently sawed 49,000 feet of boards in one day, thus beating the record.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A French investigator has detected periodical variations of earth currents in direct relation with the movement of the moon or the tides.

Professor Ditmar, a Swedish scientist, prides himself upon having perfected a process for converting kerosene oil into a substance much resembling tallow in its appearance, which, he says, can easily be made into candles.

An English writer points out the probability that a smoky atmosphere is not a wholly unmitigated evil, since its carbon and sulphur must absorb many germs of disease, and tend to prevent the spread of epidemics.

How unsuccessful inventors of snow-plows have been, says *Industrial America*, may be guessed from the fact that about 4,500 inventions have been patented relating to snow-plows and other apparatus for removing snow from railroad tracks. Last winter, what might be called a steam snow-plow was successfully tried upon one of the Canadian roads.

Dr. A. T. deRochebrune has described to the Paris academy of sciences a well-established variety of domestic ox, which is peculiar to Senegambia, and is characterized by a third horn growing from the nose and identical in construction and development to the two frontal horns. The animals are very liable to epizootic peripneumonia, and from time immemorial the Moors Fulahs of Senegambia have practiced upon the creatures preventive inoculation with the virus of that disease.

According to the *Building News*, manufacturers of wood mosaic say that they have found by experiments that hard maple on end is from four to five times as durable as marble and equally as durable as the hardest baked tile. It is reported that two end-wood floors were laid in the elevators of a public building in Chicago about fifteen months ago, and that the floors are in as good condition as when first laid, although each elevator carries from 1,000 to 2,000 people daily.

A workman in cutting fifteen-inch files in a certain French steel works uses a hammer weighing seven and seven-tenths pounds and wears out a handle of holly wood in about one year, after having struck about 11,250,000 blows with the hammer. In cutting triangular files about five inches long, and in metal somewhat softer than the above, the hammer used weighs two and two-tenths pounds, and the holly handle lasts about two years, and has been used in striking 25,440,000 blows.

Specimens of pods and seeds which take the place of soap in China were exhibited by Mr. F. B. Forbes at a recent meeting of the Linnean society of London. He stated that for ordinary cleansing purposes an impure earthy soda and a lye made from wood ashes are employed, while the leaves of two plants are occasionally used on the head. The favorite substance, however, seems to be the "feitsao ton" or "fat black beans." The roasted pods are used for washing clothes as well as for bathing, and women cleanse their heads with the seeds. Pods of Gleditschia sinensis (known to the Chinese as "tsoa-chio") are boiled to prepare a washing infusion also much employed.

Oregon Bees and Bears.

A short time ago Samuel, Asa and Joe Holaday, of Scappoose, took a trip over to the Lewis river in order to look into the resources of that region. They found it a most beautiful country and one that offers many inducements to settlers. The part visited lies off in the direction of Mount St. Helena, and is composed of both timber land and fine open tracts which abound in game, large and small. While encamped on the river they discovered an object that was as novel and interesting as it was beautiful and striking. In their rambles through the pine woods they suddenly came upon a fallen tree across the path, which, on inspection, they found to be hollow. Through a knot hole they could see something white, and at once began to investigate. They sawed into the log and were surprised to find that the whole interior of the log was filled solidly with honey. They at once brought from their camp some of their vessels to fill with this sweetest of all nature's productions. Their buckets and pans were soon filled. Then they sawed off another length of the log and found it still solid with the honey. This they repeated and took from it honey until they had opened up ten feet of pure, lovely honey, which yielded a comb that was in many places four inches thick. Of this find they carried away 180 pounds, which they declare was the finest they ever tasted, being far richer than the tame honey which they raise.

Another strange thing which they observed was the taking of salmon by the bears, which are abundant there. The bears go down to the river at night, catch the fish, bite off their heads, eat them, and leave the bodies untouched. Their distaste for the body seems strange, and their preference for the heads has never been explained, even by the Indians.—*Portland (Ore.) News.*

Horses' Food and Drink.

The fact that a horse can, when heated, drink cold water freely, without injury, if he be driven afterward, is evidence that his internal arrangements are different from those in the human body. The London *Field* mentions some points in the care of a horse which, as the *Field* is an authority in such matters, it is well to know:

Bearing in mind that the stomach of a horse is small in proportion to the size of his frame, he requires feeding often, and though three times a day is sufficient, four times is better.

Unlike human beings, horses should drink before they eat, because, owing to the conformation of the horse, water does not remain in the stomach, but passes through it into a large intestine called the caecum. If a horse be fed first, the water passing through the stomach would be likely to carry with it particles of food, and thus bring about colic.

Whatever a groom may say, let a horse drink just as much as he likes. If he be watered four times a day, he will never take very much, or too much to be good for him. A horse, it must be remembered, is fed on dry food, and this, with the strong work done by a hunter, always produces feverishness, which a sufficiency of water tends to allay.

The *Medical World* reports a case now under observation in which the patient's hair—which had become prematurely gray—is slowly returning to its original color under the internal administration of phosphorized cod liver oil. The *World* had previously noted similar restorations under the same treatment.

HEALTH HINTS.

In cases of diarrhoea the following drink is said to be efficacious: A coffee-cup full of browned, coarse corn meal, boiled in sufficient water to make it as strong as coffee. Drink as warm as possible.

Dr. J. R. Irwin, in the North Carolina *Medical Journal*, recommends chewing cinnamon bark as an almost immediate cure for toothache, and much more agreeable to use than creosote, carbolic acid, etc. The bark must be of good quality.

In a paper by Dr. Varick, read before our county medical association, the use of simple hot water as a dressing for wounds is strongly recommended. During an experience in its use of six years in cases of acute surgery, such as railroad accidents, etc., he has had no death from septicaemia or primary or secondary shock.

One of Philadelphia's leading physicians, a specialist in diseases of the lungs, says that imperfect respiration is at the bottom of much trouble. In such a case he shows the patient how to swell out the whole chest full and round by a deep inspiration, elevating and throwing back the shoulders; and then, when he has gotten into his lungs the last atom of air possible, to hold it in tightly for a little time, and then to let it off slowly, blowing out every atom of it he possibly can by forcible expiration, drawing the shoulders forward and pressing in the chest to the smallest possible compass, thus throwing out almost all of the residual air, and all this through the nose, with mouth tightly closed. "Let him take a half dozen or more such forced respirations a dozen times a day," says the doctor, "and he will soon double his vital capacity and relieve himself of most of his supposed chest trouble. Such forced respiration will compel every air cell possible to freely admit wholesome air into the little spaces and to expel it also, and some air cells that do not often perform their functions healthily will be compelled to do so."

Custer's Confederate Friend.

The Seventh cavalry were sent to guard the engineers of the Northern Pacific while they surveyed the route to the Yellowstone. This party of citizens joined the command a few days out from Forth Rice. General Custer wrote me that he was lying on the buffalo robe in his tent, resting after the march, when he heard a voice outside asking the sentinel "which was General Custer's tent." The general called out: "Halloo, old fellow! I haven't heard that voice in thirteen years, but I know it. Come in and welcome!" General Rosser walked in, and such a reunion as we had! These two had been classmates and warm friends at West Point, and parted with sorrow when General Rosser went into the Southern army. Afterward they had fought each other in the Shenandoah valley time and time again. Both of them lay on the robe for hours talking over the campaign in Virginia. In the varying fortunes of war sometimes one had got possession of the wagon train belonging to the other. I knew of several occasions when they had captured each other's headquarters wagon, with their private luggage. If one drove the other back in retreat, before he went into camp he wrote a note addressing the other as "Dear friend," and saying, "You may have made me take a few steps this way to-day, but I'll be even with you to-morrow. Please accept my good wishes and this little gift." These notes and presents were left at the house of some Southern woman as they retreated out of the village. Once General Custer took all of his friend's luggage and found in it a new uniform coat of Confederate gray. He wrote a humorous letter that night thanking General Rosser for setting him up in so many new things, but audaciously asking him if he "would direct his tailor to make the coat tails of his next uniform a little shorter," as there was a difference in the height of the two men. General Custer captured his herd of cattle at one time, but he was so hotly pursued by General Rosser that he had dismounted, cut a whip, and drove them himself until they were secured.—*Boots and Saddles, by Elizabeth B. Custer.*

A Butter Test.

"By that means I convince my customers that I don't sell oleomargarine," said a white-aproned butterman, pointing to two china sauce-boats that stood in a conspicuous place on his counter in the Farmers' market. In each sauce-boat lay a little coil of common lampwick, one end of which hung out of the nose of the vessel. "Now," said the dealer, pointing to two firkins, "one of those contains oleomargarine made in Connecticut and the other holds salt-packed butter from Ohio. See if you can detect the genuine from the imitation." The reporter tried and failed. In flavor, smell and appearance they were identical.

The butterman continued: "That oleomargarine will deceive nine buyers out of ten, but I will expose it for you." He dropped a lump of the oleomargarine as large as an egg into a tin cup, and in another cup he placed a similar-sized piece of the salt-packed. The cups were held over a blazing little charcoal furnace until their contents were melted. Then the oleomargarine was poured in one sauce-boat and the butter into the other. The wicks were lighted. Both burned readily, and the burning butter sent up a faint and pleasant smoke. From the oleomargarine, however, came the nasty and unmistakable stench of burning rancid grease. "Since I began showing the difference between butter and oleomargarine," said the dealer, as he snuffed out the wicks, "my business has doubled."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Japanese Postman.

As in America, so in Japan, the postman wears his uniform. It consists of a suit of blue cloth, a wide butter-bowl hat and straw shoes. The mail bag swings under his arm, or is pushed along in a little two-wheeled cart. He is always running or trotting along. You know that in Japan men do nearly all the work that we make horses do here, so you see the Japanese postman carry, hasten along from station to station, traveling on a quick run mile after mile, up-hill, down dale, never stopping until he reaches the place where another postman is waiting to receive the mail and run on with it in his turn. So the mail carried in the greater part of the Japanese Empire. To a few places reached by steamers it travels as in the United States.

In a small tannery at Grass Valley, says a San Francisco paper, the leaves and bark of the manzanita tree are successfully used to make leather. The tannery is experimenting on native barks and trees.

LOVE SONG OF THE TOM-TIT.

[The most successful, and certainly the prettiest, song in the new comic opera, "The Mikado," is the love song of the tom-tit. It has already become popular, and its refrain has become a catch phrase. The song runs:]

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow!'
Is it weakness of intellect, birdy?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied:
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bad habits—Worn-out garments.

A railroad strike—A collision.—*Ex.*

A roller-skater is known by his bumps.

Sallie Ratus is the girl that takes the biscuit.—*The Hatchet.*

The wife's pathway in life is generally a buy way.—*Boston Post.*

When a stovepipe is out at the elbow the soot begins to play out.

In Denmark the rooms in the hotel are all bald-headed—that is, they have no locks.—*Siftings.*

Would it be just to say that all physicians partially get their living by pillage?—*The Judge.*

According to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the last man will undoubtedly be a tailor.—*Life.*

Often a cold shoulder pleases the recipient, especially if it happens to be a cold shoulder of lamb.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The empress of Austria has a private circus. Many American ladies have them to on lodge nights.—*Courier-Journal.*

A poetess sings, "I Have Found What Silence Is." Her friends, it is understood, are not so fortunate.—*Boston Transcript.*

"More light" is the watchword of progress, but more of the opposite quality in a load of coal is what the people are beginning to demand.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"What is the 'dollar of

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

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Salem, N.C., Jan. 5, 1885.

—Gen. Grant has again rallied, is free from pain and seems to be doing well.

—Victor Hugo died in Paris, France, on the 22nd inst. He was illustrious as a poet, novelist and philosopher.

—Thanks to marshals for an invitation to Trinity College Commencement party, Thursday evening, June 11th.

—A dangerous disease, called "Blacktongue Diphtheria," is prevailing, causing quite a panic in Paris, Pa.

—The plague at Plymouth, Pa., still rages at date of May 24th. The relief committees are taxed to their utmost. 280 families are now in receipt of relief.

—Cyclones damaged considerable property in Alton, Illinois, and Concord, Ohio. Wheat fields were deluged with water, and the damage to growing crops was heavy.

—Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, formerly United States Senator from New Jersey, Secretary of State in President Arthur's cabinet, died at his home in Newark, on the 20th.

—Rev. Jno. W. Lewis, one of the oldest, if not the oldest member of the M. E. Conference, died at his home in Thomasville, Saturday, of paralysis.

—The Indians are still troublesome in Colorado. United States troops last Friday routed the Apaches in the Magolian mountains with heavy loss.

—The evidence against Cleverius charged with the murder of Lillian Madison is very strong. The latest is that he was seen with a lady on the road leading to the reservoir in which the body was found, and that cries, sounding like a female in distress, were heard in the direction of the reservoir. The evidence of the prosecution is all given, and the defence will now present their side.

Foreign.

The Communists of Paris have concluded to attend the funeral of Victor Hugo. Trouble is expected and the authorities are on the alert. On the 24th the Communists made a demonstration at the graves of the dead communists, but were repulsed by the police. The communists say that four of their brethren were shot, and swear vengeance. The demonstrations on the 25th, though boisterous, were not interfered with.

There is trouble again in Central America and a collision threatened between San Salvador and Guatemala.

STATE MEDICAL CONVENTION.—Over three hundred physicians attended the convention at Durham last week. Eighty-five physicians applied for a license, eight of whom were rejected. Miss Annie Laurie Alexander, of Mecklenburg county, passed her examination, and joined the Society. Dr. Hubert Haywood delivered the annual essay, subject: "Micrococicism in Relation to Disease." Dr. S. S. Satchwell presented an elaborate paper on the "Practice of Medicine." The association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. Joseph Graham, of Charlotte, president; Dr. Julian M. Baker, of Tarboro, secretary. Dr. Thomas F. Wood, of Wilmington, was chosen delegate to the International Medical Congress.

—Bad literature is doing more to demoralize our people than many would believe. A great number of people value a trashy dime novel more, and read it with greater anxiety than then would a good moral book which costs many more times as much money. A cheap paper filled with immoral novels is read by many families, who will not subscribe for a good newspaper. Parents who encourage children to read such matter are preparing them for a very uncertain future. The mind of the habitual novel reader is not fit to realize facts. A novel reader can scarcely be a healthy christian, for the mind which is crowded full of fiction is a poor receptacle for Bible facts which must be received by faith.

—A country blacksmith can scarcely make a living by doing custom work. New farming implements as a general thing can be bought for less money than old ones can be repaired. Plows which would cost from twenty-five to forty cents to have laid, can be replaced by new ones at from twenty-five to thirty-five cents. Oxen rings can be repaired for ten cents each, and new ones bought for five cents. This comparison might be carried much further.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Forsyth County.

—Andrew and B. F. Beckerdite have 205 young chickens.

—The first crop of hay will be light on most meadows this summer.

—Those who sowed clover seed last fall have a pretty good stand this spring.

—It looks now like if spring oats will be a failure, as well as those sowed last fall.

—The late rains have helped the appearance of Irish potato patches considerable.

—There is the best stand of clover this spring that your correspondent has seen for many years.

—John Enochs cut down a poplar tree, sawed it up into saw logs and sold the logs on the ground for $4.

—Squirrel hunting is a sport which the boys indulge in pretty frequently now. They say they find squirrels plenty.

—Free schools in Iredell county, were generally 4 months, and some of them longer last winter, so an Iredell man tells us.

—David Jones says that from the time wheat heads commenced making appearance, main wheat harvest will come on about the twentieth of June.

—Chloe Stewart, of Broadbay township, has been suffering from erysipelas in one knee, for the last few days. She is now in her 99th year of age.

—David Jones says, cut worms are already destroying the tobacco plants which have been set out. They are also cutting off much corn and garden stuff.

—Last year Madison Stewart raised forty bushels of sweet potatoes on about one-sixth of an acre of ground. He will plant 3 times the amount of ground this year.

—The late season has been a good time to set out tobacco plants, and those who raise tobacco have been very busy at it. Plants have been hunted up closely.

—Madison Stewart & Co., went squirrel hunting last Saturday evening. They killed only a few squirrels, but they shot three large black snakes. Snakes seem to be plenty this spring.

—Two years ago a farmer planted a crop of tobacco. He used fertilizer on it, and when he sold his tobacco crop, it lacked only twenty-five cents of bringing enough to pay for the fertilizer.

—David Jones continues to make boards. He made many thousands during the winter, and people still want more made. Much building and repairing has been done this spring, so that boards are always in demand.

—Crows are rather scarce this spring. We do not hear near the complaint of them taking up corn as is commonly the case. Hawks are not so troublesome as they were last spring, we are told by some observers.

—Spring chickens sell for good prices in Salem and Winston this spring. Madison Stewart sold some for eighteen cents a piece last week. He has about fifty more which will be ready for market in a week or two.

—Andrew Beckerdite showed us several yearling calves which he lets run on a good clover pasture. They are really fine. One of the great secrets of raising good stock is to give it proper food and special attention.

—Vegetation is growing prodigiously since the soaking rains. The woods have a denser covering of leaves than usual. Perhaps a cause of it is that they commenced their growth after the ground was warm enough to hasten full maturity.

—Wheat in red land, froze out much worse than that in sandy ground. We have seen some red land which was well manured, that has but little wheat on it. Generally red land is best for wheat, but this year is an exception to the rule.

—Wheat will be a failure, and every farmer should make an effort to raise all the corn he can. The work in harvest will be light, so that it will not necessitate a great loss of time in other crops. If a good corn crop be raised, the wheat failure will not be felt so much.

—A farmer says he gives his cattle a little lime mixed with salt occasionally. He says that it is a good thing to prevent diseases, and that he has cured cattle of distemper with it. For distemper, he makes a solution of lime, salt and water, and with this he drenches the distempered cattle freely.

—A great majority of farmers have adopted the plan of planting corn in drills. They say by this method they are more apt to plant but one grain in a hill, and that they can tend the ground to better advantage. They are not obliged to plow up and down hill so much as when rows are crossed. This prevents ground from washing so badly.

—John Bodenhamer used two thousand pounds of fertilizer in his truck patches and corn this spring. He put it on his Irish potato patch, at the rate of one thousand pounds to the acre, and the tops are looking well so far. It seems now that truck raisers in the vicinity of Salem and Winston, will make handsome profits this year.

—We know of one farmer who seeing that he would have to buy grain to feed his stock, went to Lexington last fall and bought a quantity of wheat at 75 cents a bushel. He says this transaction saves him from buying corn now at 80 cents a bushel, and he thinks wheat is worth more as a food for stock than corn is.

—Last Wednesday John Taylor and others shot 20 times at a squirrel before killing it. This is not a fair specimen of Taylor's marksmanship. He is usually a dead shot, but he said that the squirrel was on a limber limb, and the wind kept it in a continual motion.

—Most peach trees were very full of blossoms this year. Michael Bodenhamer says that he noticed one of his little trees which was unusually full. He took from it a twig 11 inches long, and found by actual count that there were 72 blossoms on it. This twig contained about an average number when compared with the others on this tree.

—We noticed that a certain farmer spends some time hauling rich dirt from fence corners, out of the woods, swamps and in fact from any place that he can find rich soil and filth, and he puts it on his tendable land. He says that he can make more money at this, than he could by hauling at two dollars a day, and not work very hard either.

—Farmers should not buy fruit trees only from honest agents, representing responsible firms. We hear of some who paid high prices for trees, and the fruit proves to be quite a different variety from what it was recommended to be. It is likely that it was budded by an inexperienced hand, and that the bud died, leaving for growth the old stock on which the bud was placed.

—A person who always kill large hogs, says that he can make money by raising pork. He says that it is not much profit in feeding hogs only enough to keep them alive, for while they remain in the same condition, all the food is lost. He says the profit is in the extra food over what is necessary to keep them in a shabby condition.

—Some farmers tell us that from present indications they think it will be a difficult matter to obtain extra help during harvest and hay making. They say it is becoming very common for hirelings to seek employment in the towns. Darkies especially as a rule, do not like to work on a farm. They had rather work where they can be company.

—Much of the wheat is not going to head out this year. Some farmers tell us that the cause of this is fly in the wheat. A few persons think there will be a half crop of wheat this year, but it is a little uncertain what the yield will be. Some of the best ground will make tolerably good wheat, and poor ground does not make much even of a good wheat year.

—We heard of a person near Salem who sold ninety dollars worth of milk from one cow in eighty days. At first thought this appears to be a pretty big story, but it was a good cow and well fed. Three and a half gallons a day, sold at eight cents a quart, would amount to $89.60 in 80 days, which is nothing unreasonable, and yet it shows that cattle if well managed might be made very profitable.

—Some farmers lost a little time by waiting for replants to come up, before commencing to harrow corn. Being cool, corn does not come up very fast, and by going ahead harrowing, the insects which prey upon corn are many of them driven away, and the ground is put in better condition for corn to grow. Ground should be stirred frequently until time to lay by corn.

—B. F. and Andrew Beckerdite have the best prospect for wheat that your correspondent has seen this year. All their land is well set with clover, and besides this they used fertilizer on all their wheat last fall. They have one piece on which they plowed in a heavy coat of clover, then put a coating of stable manure on it, and afterwards they fertilized it. It looks delightful.

—Andrew Beckerdite showed your correspondent some corn on which he used a tablespoonfull of fertilizer to the hill, and some by the side of it on which he used no festilizer. The ground was all the same, but the fertilized corn was fully twice as large as the other. He said he tried the same experiment last year and made double the amount of corn on that fertilized as on the other. It fails in dry seasons.

—One chicken raiser who is successful in the chicken business, says many people feed young chickens too much dough. She says after chickens are a few days old they can eat mashed up wheat, and they do better on it than if allowed to eat dough altogether. Too much food of any kind, she says, is not good for them; but where they have a good range, they will find nearly enough for themselves.

—Andrew Beckerdite showed us one piece of wheat a part of which was very sorry, and the remainder was good. He said the ground was all the same in quality, and that all of it received the same amount of fertilizer in proportion. The only thing which caused the difference in yield is that the part on which the good wheat stands was broken up, and the other was sowed down and plowed in without first breaking the ground.

—Last year Madison Edwards, of the upper part of Forsyth county, planted a late corn patch. When the corn came up, it was too late to replant the missing hills with corn, so he replanted them with a peck of Irish potatoes, and tended the patch the same as if it had been all corn. In the fall he gathered seven and one half bushels of fine potatoes from this patch. This was an average yield of thirty bushels to one bushel planted.

AN ACCIDENTAL INCUBATOR.—Rosa Nading, of Broadbay township, set a hen on a nest of eggs in the manure under the cutting room. At the end of one week the hen was killed by accident. The eggs being spoiled, they were left in the nest, and the heat of the manure was sufficient to keep them warm. Two weeks after the hen was killed, 4 little chickens hatched out of the eggs. They were a few days old when found, and appeared to be wild. They became frightened at the sight of a hen. Miss Rosa has put them in her garden to raise them, and they do her good service by taking insects off of the garden stuff.

—One colored lady who has been more successful than many of her race, says, after the war, most darkies thought they would become rich without work. They thought freedom meant riches. They entertained the vain hope that the government would give them land and property free of cost, and consequently commenced their new life in idleness. She bought herself a set of cards, a wheel and a loom. She worked hard, and since old age has overtaken her, she has good clothes to wear and plenty of bread to eat.

—Owing to various causes, sweet potatoes did not sprout well this year. Only a few persons have more slips than they need for their own use, and their neighbors have already spoken for all spare plants. Madison Stewart has adopted an excellent plan to raise slips. He has cut a trench all around his potato bed, and he pours water into this trench. The water soaks through the manure under the bed, and keeps the roots moist. In wet weather he shuts off the water by covering the trench with planks.

—George, little son of Andrew Beckerdite, bought a sack of fertilizer out of money which he had saved. He has a corn patch, a watermelon patch and an Irish potato patch on which he used his fertilizer. His produce is now looking well. He is to have all the money he can make on these patches. This is the correct plan to make good farmers. Parents should teach their children the best plans of farming, and encourage them in it, by giving them all they can make on certain patches. It gives them a taste for farming which cannot be eradicated.

—B. F. and Andrew Beckerdite have a watermelon patch of 225 hills. They never plant a very large patch, but raise an abundance of melons. They select a damp sandy natured piece of land which lies well to the morning sun. They dig their hills, and put into them some well rotted manure mixed with dirt. At the time of planting they put a tablespoonful of fertilizer in each hill taking care not to let it come in contact with the seed.

—One farmer says that his plan of tending bottom corn is to take a turning plow, and break the ground, then run over it with a two horse spike harrow until all the roots are well broken apart; then he draws furrows with a small plow, and drops his corn into these furrows. Then he takes his spike harrow and runs over the ground several times to cover the corn. After his corn is planted he does not take a plow into it at all, but harrows and hoes it about twice. He says that if the sod is not turned after first breaking, the grass will not be very troublesome during the whole season.

—One wood hauler tells us that the wood market is damaged by some wood haulers trying to take advantage of purchasers They take small loads, and expect full load prices for them, consequently the general prices for wood by the load must be placed low. When these people sell by the cord, they make their wood three and a half feet instead of four feet long. In this way they sell seven-eights of a cord, and receive pay for a cord. Wood now brings from $2 to $2.25 per cord, or $2.28 to $2.57 when measured by these short cord dealers.

—A person told us that for the last year he has kept a memorandum of all money he has received, and of all which he pays out. For several reasons, he finds it to be a good thing. He says that by reference to his account, he can tell exactly what each article costs. He becomes better posted in what is requirel to keep up family expenses, and what kinds of produce pay him best profits for raising. He would spend more money for trifles, if the face of his account did not condemn his extravagance.

Davidson County.

—John Beckerdite has five fresh milk cows. He has others which are not so fresh.

—There seems to be a good deal of sickness among old people in our vicinity just now.

—George Charles has just fitrished making a lot of twenty-eight hundred wagon spokes.

—Burton Clodfelter and Pinkney Wyer, each received over $10 for their watermelons last year.

—A farmer killed all the plants on a tobacco bed by sprinkling too much strong fertilizer on them.

—We hear of one person who intends to plant a late watermelon patch. He says that either early or late watermelons sell for the best prices.

—Napoleon Beckerdite prepared two acres for tobacco, but failing to get plants he now intends to plant it in watermelons, using fertilizer in the hills.

—A farmer in this county never allows his family to sell butter. He says that what is not used on the table, is needed for cooking purposes. They have some butter on hand which is three years old, and it is in tolerably good condition. At present the high prices paid for butter makes it economy to sell it, and buy in place of it lard for necessary cooking purposes.

—We heard of some farmers who mortgaged their crops to buy fertilizer to put on wheat ground last fall one year ago. Last fall they were compelled to sell wheat at 75 cents a bushel to pay for their festilizer, and this spring the same farmers have paid eighty cents a bushel for corn. It is dangerous to buy fertilizer on time and mortgage property for it.

—During the last twelve months David Clinard has killed 190 squirrels, and last winter he caught 379 rabbits and 6 wild turkeys. He also caught six wild turkeys winter before last. He has one dog so well trained that whenever he strikes a turkey track, he is almost certain to catch the turkey. He caught one turkey gobler after a five miles race that weighed 15 pounds, and had a beard 10 inches long.

Rowan County.

—Mr. John Fisher has a considerable number of Plymouth Rock hens. The grow to a large size, but he thinks they are not extra layers.

—There seems to be a number of killdees in Rowan, but in Forsyth they are rarely ever seen. Forsyth has a great number of whipoorwills, and from our observation these birds appear not to be so plenty in Rowan as in our county.

—We are told that a number of wagons of Western make are sold in Rowan, and that a large amount of good wagon lumber might be obtained in said county. We are further told that there are many localities in that county where an energetic wagon manufacturer might do well. Good laborers could be found and employed on fair terms.

—We heard a Rowan County farmer say that he always pushes all his farm work except wheat harvest and he always lets that push him. He says that if a person commences on his wheat as soon as a patch will do, he must neglect his corn crop too long. He continues to work in his corn until his wheat is nearly all ready, and then takes a good force, and soon makes a finish of it.

—We heard of a farmer who killed several fine hogs by feeding them too much salt in their slop. We believe that all stock should be fed salt in moderate quantity, but it is highly injurious when fed extravagantly. The best plan to give it to stock is to place it where they can lick it, and then they will not take too much.

—But few farmers in the lower part of Forsyth county continue to raise rye. Many of the farmers of Rowan county raise it. This year the crop like wheat will be a failure. The people of Rowan who raise it, say that it is disagreeable to harvest and thresh owing to the beard on it, but that it grows on poor ground better than other grain.

—There are many more sheep raised in the part of this county which we visited, than in our part of Forsyth county. The farmers of this part of Rowan, told us that much money could be made by raising sheep, but that the havoc made on them by dogs, is a great embarrassment to those wishing to engage in the enterprise. This seems to be the great drawback on sheep raising everywhere.

—Henry Cranford is a very nice farmer. He owns a large farm which contains much good meadow. He says that his bottom meadow land will produce from thirty to forty bushels of corn per acre almost any season, and will not become exhausted in many years. He intends to increase the area of his upland meadow each year, and tend his bottom land in corn. He says by raising nothing but grass and small grain on his uplands, he can improve his ground.

—Some of the Rowan grape raisers told us that cuttings when rooted grow better and last longer than vines which have been budded. Mr. John Fisher planted about eleven hundred and only two vines died. Mr. A. M. Cruse has near ten thousand cuttings which he is letting take root to be ready to set out next November. He says that a person can afford to sell such vines at two cents apiece. Budded vines are usually sold at ten cents apiece.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

NOTICE.

LIST YOUR TAXES FOR 1885.

I WILL attend at the following times and places for the purpose of receiving the Lists of Real Estate and Personal Property which each Tax-payer shall own on the 1st day of June, 1885; also each male between the ages of 21 and 50 years, subject to a poll within Winston township, when and where all tax payers within said township are respectfully notified to return their lists to me according to the provisions of the Revenue Laws of North Carolina for State and County Taxes, to-wit:

Court-house, Winston,	Tuesday,	June	2.
" " "	Wednesday,	"	3.
" " "	Thursday,	"	4.
" " "	Friday,	"	5.
" " "	Saturday,	"	6.
Cold Spring S. House,	Monday,	"	8.
Town Hall, Salem,	Tuesday,	"	9.
" " "	Wednesday,	"	10.
" " "	Thursday,	"	11.

At the Court-house, Winston, until Monday, June 30 inclusive.

All Tax-payers within said township, failing to return their List to me within 20 days after the 2nd Monday in June, 1885, will subject themselves to the pains and penalties imposed by law.

N. S. COOK,

List taker for Winston Township.

HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

FACTS REGARDING Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

It will purify and enrich the **BLOOD**, regulate the **LIVER** and **KIDNEYS**, and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH! In all those diseases requiring a certain and effective TONIC, especially Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, etc., its use is marked with immediate and wonderful results. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES suffering from all complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. It gives a clear and healthy complexion.

The strongest testimony to the value of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is that frequent attempts at counterfeiting have only added to the popularity of the original. If you earnestly desire health do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Send your address to The Dr. Harter Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo., for our "DREAM BOOK." Full of strange and useful information, free.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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AN ASSORTMENT OF

MEMORANDUMS

Tax Listing.

CHAS. ROTHROCK, Esq., Tax-lister for Broadbay Township, will be at Hopewel School house on Tuesday, June 2; Louder's School house on Wednesday, June 3; Geo. E. Nissen's Store, Waughtown, Thursday, June 4; C. F. Nissen's Store, Waughtown, Friday, June 5; Eden School house, Saturday, June 6; for the purpose of listing the taxable property for the year 1885.

NOTICE.

THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS will meet on the last Friday, 29th of May, for the election of

POLICE OFFICER AND LAMP-LIGHTER,

for the term beginning June, 1885.

Bids may be made for the office of Policeman and Night Watch and Lamp-lighter combined, or for lamp-lighter separately, including all the care of the lamps.

Applications for the place must be handed in prior to said meeting.

L. N. CLINARD, Sec'ty.

Salem, N. C., May 9th, 1885.

A PRESENT!

Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping and names of two book agents, will receive FREE a Steel Finish Parlor engraving of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including CLEVELAND, size 22x28 in., worth $4. Address Elder Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

HAVING duly qualified as Administrator of Walter Weavil deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to present them to me for payment on or before the 1st day of April, 1886, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

E. J. HINE, Adm'r of Walter Weavil dec'd.

March 30th, 1885,

NOTICE.

THE creditors of Adam Long, deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims on the estate of said deceased to the undersigned Administratrix, on or before the 14th day of February, 1886, properly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

EMELINE LONG,

Feb. 10, 1885—6w. *Administratrix.*

CONTINENTAL

HOOF OINTMENT

—WILL CURE—

Hard and Cracked Hoofs, Sprains, Sores, Swelled Limbs, Mange, Galls, Burns, Scratches, &c., &c., &c.

Is not affected by exposure to the air; does not become rancid; contains no poisons; can be used on all sorts of animals; is perfectly clean and can be used on the human body as effectively as for animals.

Refer to R. W. Belo, Belo House, and Harrison Crouse, who have used the ointment, and highly recommend it.

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In Sheep, Russia and Turkey Bindings.

The Unabridged is now supplied, at a small additional cost, with DENISON'S PATENT REFERENCE INDEX. "The greatest improvement in book-making that has been made in a hundred years." The Cut gives but an incomplete idea of its utility.

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NEW YORK.

FOR RENT.

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(FORMERLY KEPT BY ADAM BUTNER.)

PLEASANTLY situated on the Main Street of Salem and Winston, near Salem Female Academy. The House is well known throughout the South and has always been a popular resort. There is an excellent Mineral spring very near.

Apply to

Z. SWIFT,

Salem, N. C., April 2nd, 1885.

Raleigh News-Observer copy 1 month.

— GOOD INKS! —

Stands, Pints, Quarts.

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SPRING OF 1885.

HINSHAW & BYNUM

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS, SEEDS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

WINSTON, N. C.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL STOCK.

WE CARRY A STOCK SUFFICIENT TO MEET THE WANTS of the trade and are prepared to sell all lines of goods as low as they can be bought from any Jobbing house and delivered here. We sell many articles at such prices for which they are sold in Northern cities. This part of our business will be represented on the road by one of our salesmen—Mr. J. C. Gorrell.

THE MOST COMPLETE RETAIL STOCK IN THIS PART OF THE STATE.

Groceries! EVERYTHING NEEDED can be found at the right sort of prices.

Meat and Lard. WE ALWAYS HAVE the best that can be had at lowest market prices.

Fish. MACKEREL IN BBLS., Half Bbls., Quarter Bbls., and ¼ Herring in Season.

LEATHER, SALT, SYRUP, OILS, WHITE AND RED LEAD, ROPE, BUCKETS, TUBS, KEGS, GLASS, PUTTY, BROOMS, &c.

Drugs. FULL STOCK OF STAPLE GOODS, in including the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.

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NAILS, HORSE AND MULE SHOES, HORSE SHOE NAILS, AXES, SHOVELS, SPADES, FOUR PRONG FORKS, GRASS SCYTHES, SCYTHES AND CRADLES, TRACE AND LOG CHAINS, MATTOCKS, HOES, SAWS, BUTTS, HINGES, SCREWS, LOCKS, FILES, SPOONS,

Pocket and Table Cutlery.

THERMOMETERS, and a full line of STAPLE GOODS at prices as low as the lowest.

Stoves and Hollow Ware.

WE HAVE SOLD several cars "ELCELSIOR" Cook Stoves, manufactured by ISAAC A. SHEPPERD & Co., Baltimore. So far as we have heard, every Stove has given perfect satisfaction.

☞ Don't buy a Stove until you examine ours.

We also keep a full line of handsome HOLLOW WARE, OVENS, SPIDERS, KETTLES, POTS, &c.

TIN WARE of every description.

TRUNKS, VALISES, STANDARD SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, PAPER, PENS, INK, CLOCKS, LOOKING GLASSES, &c.

FOR MEN AND BOYS:

CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, JEANS, COTTONADES, LINEN DRILLS, SHIRTING; COAT, PANT AND VEST TRIMMINGS; The Celebrated GLOBE SHIRTS and COLLARS; TIES;

Large Stock of Men's Ready Made Clothing;

MERINO and GAUZE UNDERWEAR; HATS of every description to fit all at prices from 10 cts. to $5.00.

WE MAKE BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Course Shoes, Coarse Boots, Bay State Shoes and Boots of all grades. EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.

T. MILES' SONS PHILADELPHIA HAND MADE SHOES, none better.

These goods are bought in large quantities and will be sold at right sort of prices.

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We carry a very large line of STAPLE AND FANCY DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS, consisting partly of

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WORSTEDS, DRESS FLANNELS, SACK FLANNELS, WHITE, RED, GREY, PLAID, CANTON AND COTTON FLANNELS, LINDSEYS, GINGHAMS, LINEN SUITINGS, PIQUETS, WHITE MUSLINS, SWISS MUSLINS, VICTORIA LAWNS, HAMBURG EDGINGS, JACONETS, MERINO AND GAUZE UNDERWEAR, SHIRTS, PROOF SHIRTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES, HOODS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS,

And hundreds of other articles, including Parasols, Fans and Umbrellas.

ALL GRADES OF SHOES, CLOTH GAITERS, OXFORD TIES AND SLIPPERS.

We call especial attention to our line of BAY STATE and T. MILES' SONS' SHOES, handsome styles, good quality and low prices.

Bleached and Brown Domestic a Specialty:

We believe we can afford to give some inducements in this department, and ask all to come and examine our goods and prices closely, and if we fail to make it to your interest to trade with us it will be our fault.

AT FACTORY PRICES:

Fries' Jeans, Drill, Arista Sheeting, Cottonades; Cedar Falls Sheetings; Bellemont Plaids; Forest Hill Plaids and Towels; J. & P. Coats' Thread; Gail & Ax's and Ralph's Snuff, and many other articles.

RED CLOVER, SAPLING CLOVER, ORCHARD GRASS,

TIMOTHY, KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS and HERDS GRASS SEEDS of the best qualities at bottom prices.

125,000 Yds. TOBACCO PLANT BED MUSLIN

for COVERING PLANT BEDS, made to our own order at Fall River, Mass.

THINK OF IT. We received, during 1884, more than two millions, four hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds Merchandise, on which we paid more than seven thousand dollars freight.

WE BUY THE BULK OF OUR GOODS OF FIRST HANDS, IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES, AT LOWEST CASH PRICES, AND ARE THUS ENABLED TO OFFER INDUCEMENTS THAT MERCHANTS WHO HAVE TO BUY OF JOBBING HOUSES CANNOT POSSIBLY OFFER.

Thanking the public for our continued increase of patronage, and promising to try to merit a still greater increase in the future,

We remain Your Friends Truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Winston, N. C., March 5th, 1885-tf.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

—A few copies of *Harper's Magazine* for June, containing Lt. H. R. Lemly's article on Bogota, for sale at Salem Bookstore.

—The Fireman's parade and Festival has been postponed an account unfavorable weather.

The Winston Republican appeared in a new dress last week, printed by steam power.

—The anniversary meeting of our local Bible Society has been postponed until further notice.

—Come and examine our full line of GENT'S FURNISHINGS at the Baltimore Clothing House.

—The pupils of Salem Male Academy went fishing at Sides' Pond on Whit Monday, having a good time.

—The May meeting of the Salem S. L. S. C. will take place on Friday 29th, at the usual place, at 7.45 P. M.

Mrs. Julia Anthony, who has spent the winter among relatives here, returned to her home near Brownsville Tennessee.

BOY'S POLO CAPS! given away with every child's Suit at the BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Rev. H. A. Brown, Pastor of Winston Baptist Church, is delivering a series of sermons to the members of his Sunday School, this week.

—Miss Strather, a friend of Rev. F. R. Holland, is at the Belo House. She is also a friend of Mrs. E. T. Clemmons of Asheville. Hope her stay in town will be pleasant.

—On Monday next the Magistrates of Forsyth county, will elect three men who will compose the County Board of Education. Practical and energetic men are wanted for this office, and we hope the magistrates will give this matter a careful consideration.

At Stony Creek, Caswell County, fourteen miles from Reidsville, Mr. John Pinnix knocked his two little children, a boy and a girl, in the head with an axe, and then ran to the creek and drowned himself.—This happened on the evening of the 20th.

—The closing exercises of Mrs. E. B. Rights' Private School, at Kernersville, will take place on the 9th, 10th and 11th of June next, as follows:

Entertainment, 9th at 7-30, p. m.
Temperance Cantata, 10th, 7-30, p.m.
Promenade Party, 11th, 7-30, p. m.

The exercises will be highly interesting.

—The *Twin-City Daily* says: The mumps are still in Winston—George R. Lynn has made an assignment to H. Montague.—Dr. R. F. Gray is sick.—Judge Starbuck's smoke house was robbed on last Sunday night.—Mrs. T. F. Wolfe and her two daughters of Bethlehem, Pa., arrived at Winston, and will make her home with her father, Mr. Sussdorff.

—We have received a beautiful line of CHILDREN'S SUITS, all ages at the BALTIMOR CLOTHING HOUSE.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Promenade Concerts will be given on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, May 29th and 30th, for the enlargement of East Salem Chapel, in the Public Square in Salem. Should the weather be unfavorable, they will be held in the Orinoco Warehouse, Winston. Refreshments and a number of useful and fancy articles for sale. Excellent music by the Salem Cornet Band. Omnibuses will run from the Salem Square to the Court House Square in Winston, fare 10 cents. The Public most cordially invited to attend.

—The entertainment given by the pupils of Winston Graded School for library benefit, was largely attended and proved so popular that repetition has been called for, as noticed elsewhere. The singing class taught by Prof. Jordan, gave ample evidence of the thorough training of the class.—The calisthenics received merited applause, the younger part of the class attracting most attention. Elocution was excellent, and the 60 voice recital in concert was remarkably well given. The dumb bell excercise was prompt, exhibiting excellent training. The Fan Brigade was the best of the evening. The court costumes of the little ones was appropriately elegant and graceful. The sum of $200 was realized for the library.

NEW GOODS.

We have fitted up the large, well lighted store room, on east side of our block, to be used exclusively for Ladies' Goods and now have open an elegant line of New Dress Goods, Trimmings, Notions, Hosiery, Shoes, Parasols, &c. All of which will be sold at prices as low as the lowest. We cordially invite all the ladies to come and examine our goods and prices. Yours, very truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.
April 29, 1885.

OPERA HOUSE, WINSTON.

In response to a very general request, the entertainment given last week by the Winston Graded School, will be repeated at the Opera House, Thursday evening of this week.

The leading and most attractive features of the original program will be retained, while some new features will be added. Altogether the progromme will be a most attractive one, making the evening full of chaste and elegant enjoyment to all who may attend.

Admission, 15 cents; Children under 10 years; 10 cents, Gallery 10 cents; Reserved seats 25 cents.

Tickets on sale at Smith & Brown's Drug Store, Winston.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending May 23rd, 1885:

Frank C. Arde, Miss Zella Bodenhammer, John Henry Collins, Alexander Franklin, James Parks, Wesly Smith, H. H. Weavel.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the last PRESS you refer to the Moravian District Conference held at Macedonia church, in Davie County, on Wednesday and Thursday, 13th and 14th of May. It was our second conference and a decided improvement on last year. All the congregations were represented by lay delegates. The Conference was opened by Rev. R. P. Leinbach, a former Pastor of Macedonia congregation, and Dr. Rondthaler was elected President and Mr. F. H. Fries Secretary. The organization being completed, a time was spent in devotional exercises, during which a number of the lay delegates took part in the prayers. The Macedonia church is located in a beautiful oak grove, on the road leading from Hall's Ferry to Farmington, which is four miles beyond; and the neighborhood of Farmington is said to be the garden spot in Davie County. Farmington had quite a representation at the Conference, as spectators and well wishers. Dr. Wiseman, whom every body knows, and two of your former townsmen of "ye olden time," Messrs. Charles Bahnson and William Swaim were there, but they not only came to see what was being done, but would have carried the whole conference home with them and entertained them; in fact the only complaint and dissatisfaction among the Davie people was that they did not get as many guests as they wanted; one sister said she had prepared for *eight*, and she got *two*; and another for *six*, and she had to put up with *one* she said she did not like such a way; and not only our own people but our Methodist and Baptist friends came in for a share, Uncle Cook, Cornelianson and others; and one among the most interested spectators was a Missionary Baptist brother, Rev. Mr. Hopkins. He was introduced to the Conference by Dr. Rondthaler and invited to a seat among us; and in the concluding service a number of the members went to him and extended the right hand of Christian fellowship. We all felt that it was a good time and that the Lord had been with us and blest us above our deserts in this our first year in our new relations.

Macedonia, I mean the church edifice, needs a bell and the building painted to make it all that can be desired as a place of gathering for Divine Worship; and it will come this next year, for I heard a good many of the members say so, *and they meant it.*

On the 2d Sunday in June, the South Fork Sunday Schools will meet in convention at New Philadelphia Moravian church, and an interesting time is expected. I heard some good singing on last Sunday by the members of the Philadelphia School, as a preparation for it, and other schools will come up prepared to do their best. The Philadelphia church is in process of enlargement by an addition being built to the end, and next week it is to be completed so that the people can be accommodated. Several speakers are expected to be present and make addresses. Uncle John Butner, one of the oldest members of Philadelphia, is very feeble just now, he seems to have heart disease.

On Saturday last, Mr. Fielding Davis, living near Sedge Garden P. O., spent the forenoon replanting corn and eat a hearty dinner and then proposed to go to a neighbor, living perhaps a mile off, on some errand; about half way he stopped at a house to rest, and while sitting in a chair he suddenly fell over and died immediately. His age was 81 years and 2 months. He was buried at Love's Church on next day and a great many persons witnessed the interment.

Kernersville High School is at present engaged in Commencement exercises. Last night was the Musical Entertainment, to-night the Literary Address by Rev. Solomon Pool, D. D., and *to-morrow night and last* comes *the good wine*, the "*Social Party.*" The programme of last night is well spoken of.

There is a great deal of speculation in reference to the prospects of the coming wheat crop, and the reasons for its supposed apparent failure at least in prospect now. Some attribute it to the drouth last fall, others that it was frozen out. Now I have a different theory. All my life I have heard old farmers say "a dry Fall for good wheat;" and again "a cool, dry May for good wheat," and we have had both, and as for the freezing it was not worse than the winter before, and then we had good wheat. Now what is it? In the first place, the early part of last Summer was unusully wet, even till after wheat harvest, and a great deal of the wheat was cut on the wet order. Secondly, people were in an unusual hurry to get it into the barns, and the next thing to have it threshed right away. Well, again I have heard old farmers say all wheat should go through a certain seasoning in the straw or chaff before threshing, and there was no time for it last year; and last, after the wheat was gotten out, as there was an unusual crop, it was put away in bulk and the consequence was it heated at least sufficient to injure its germinating properties, and the consequence was the seed sown was not good seed and two thirds of it in many instances never germinated at all, and I am satisfied that that is the reason of the expected failure. The other day I was at the "*Old Salem Water Mill,*" where I made my first experience in mill going 58 years ago with "*old Pomp,*" (Sheriff Fogle recollects him,) and my sack fell off and I had to wait in the road till some man came along and put it on for me before I could go on.

I suggested my notions to Mr. Cooper, the proprietor of the mill, and he jumped right at it, and said, "I believe you are right, for in all my experience in milling, I have never handled so much *musty* wheat as we have handled this year;" and he said an extensive miller in Davidson County told him only last week that that had been his experience too. "In fact," Mr. Cooper added, "it is almost impossible to get hold of any wheat that does not smell musty." I then told him that Mr. P. E. Leight, of Waughtown, had the best piece of wheat I had seen this year. "There it is," he replied, "Mr. P. E. Leight has brought the best wheat that has come to this mill last year, and his wheat was entirely free from *must.*" There is an old saying that "haste makes waste," and I think it about to prove itself in this case, so that it is not Providence or the season, but musty wheat that has ruined the coming crop. C. L. R.

Kernersville, May 26th, 1885.

PANTHER CREEK, N. C.
May 25th, 1885.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The hailstorm that passed through this section a few days ago did no serious damage except to small plants. The watermelon plants were all destroyed.

Mr. S. H. Nading, while digging holes for watermelon hills, unearthed two more Indian skeletons. One of the heads was entirely whole, with all the teeth in the jawbones sound. The appearance of this skeleton indicates considerable age. There is something strange about the Indian burial, as almost invariably there are two buried in one grave.

On last Thursday, the 21st of this month, two brothers named Bryant, were fooling with a pistol, which was discharged and the ball struck the youngest on the left side, entering his bowels, causing death in about sixteen hours.

Wheat is looking very well, though thin on the land. Corn looks well and has come up the best I have known for several years. There will be but little replanting to do.

There has been some tobacco set, and in fifteen days all can finish. The health of this community is good. J. N. S. D.

BETHANY, N. C., May 16, 1885.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am short of news at the present, but will say my say anyway.

The Messrs. Hayworth & Co., of Abbott's Creek township, have put in a Nagle engine to help propel the machinery in their flouring and saw mills during dry seasons.

There will be plenty of fruit unless it has been injured by the recent cold. Strawberries are fully three weeks later than they were last year, and early peaches, cherries, &c., will be later than usual, I suppose.

Keep a sharp lookout for the little striped bugs which are the special enemy of melon vines. I find it much less trouble to grow melons, &c., by applying plenty of land plaster to the vines as soon as up, than to hand-pick the little striped pests.

The tobacco boom is still booming. Barns are going up by the score, and all hands are busy hilling and preparing for a greatly increased acreage. I think there will be at least five times as much tobacco put out this season as was last, in this neighborhood. I suppose with many it is "make or break," and without doubt there will be at least a few sick people next fall.

I learn that the cut worm is doing much damage to tobacco plants set in old land. Mr. R. L. Green's hands caught and killed about 1000 in two days, and each worm had cut his plant. Can any one give an easier and quicker remedy for getting rid of the cut worm than by hand-picking?

Now is a good time to prune fruit trees and they will heal with scarcely a scar.

Kill the caterpillar *now* or he will kill your trees. Examine peach trees for the borer at or near the ground and apply a shovelful of ashes to each tree—nothing better for peach trees than wood ashes. Don't be "bit" by humbug tree agents, nor let your trees be "bit" by calves, sheep, &c. O.

REGARD

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Having in stock a handsome assortment of Garments for MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS & CHILDREN we are ready to show them to you and name prices which will be a pleasant surprise to those desirous of saving money. We do truthfully assert that for SUPERIOR QUALITY of the fabric, EXCELLENCE of trimming, style and fit, VARIETY of PATTERNS, and above all, the EXTREME LOW FIGURES at which our goods are offered, we are HEAD and SHOULDERS over all others in this community. Our request is very mild: we simply invite our friends to call and inspect the array of bargains procurable only at

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Our millinery department is complete and our sales are increasing in this department every day.

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This department has been a grand success as we have secured the services of one of the best dress makers that could be had in the city of Baltimore. Her work has been tested with others and found to be far superior in fit, style of work and comfort. A visit to this department will amply repay any one as there can be seen some beautiful silk costumes which were sold from our Stock and would do credit to any New York Dry Goods Store.

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We guarantee to sell you the best 2 ply all wool carpet on the market, and warrant it to weigh more to the yard than any carpet offered, and to be from 10 to 15 cents per yard cheaper.

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Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels, irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in side, back and heart, yellow urine, burning when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad breath, no desire for work, chills, fevers, irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough, dizzy head, with dull pain in back part, loss of memory, foggy sight. For these troubles "SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box, (30 Pills) by mail, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa Sold by Druggists.

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THE WEEKLY NEWS-OBSERVER,
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NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to cut down or remove any trees or wood from our premises in South Fork township without our permission, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883

JOSSES LEW, KWAN AND JON

HEATHEN IDOLS WORSHIPED IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN.

Sunday Evening Exercises Held to Counteract the Christianizing Efforts of Metropolitan Ministers.

Most of the inhabitants of Chinatown are followers of either Buddha or Confucius, or both. The endeavors of Dr. Hall and other prominent divines to interest the Chinese population in the American Sunday-school and church system have been attended by such remarkable success that at least one-quarter of the 4,000 Chinese in New York and vicinity are attendants at some American place of worship.

A good Buddhist may indulge to an unlimited extent in fan-tan (or Chinese faro), policy and opium without losing caste. Christianized Chinese, on the other hand, drop these vices the moment they are converted, and make war upon the classes who profit by them. The gamblers, joint-keepers and opium dealers of Mott street are, therefore, good orthodox Buddhists, and do everything in their power to keep up the native faiths and to prevent proselyting by Christian ministers and missionaries. To counteract the work done in the past fall and winter by Dr. Hall and others, there has been what may be termed a revival in Chinatown. Excursions have been made to Belleville, N. J., where is the only joss-house east of the Rocky mountains.

The latest move in this odd warfare is the holding of native services in Mott street which are largely attended.

The Sunday evening exercises at 16 Mott street are held in the club-rooms, which are appropriately decorated. Mottoes, banners and gay cards ornament the walls. Portraits or symbolic pictures of various josses or spiritual powers are hung in handsome frames or rolled upon dark wooden rollers. By the wall at one end of the room stands a large table covered with an exquisite silk cover embroidered in colors and gold bullion. In front of the table on the floor were heavy knee mats and cushions for the devout to kneel upon in their prayers. Last Sunday about thirty persons were present, of whom nearly all are old residents of New York. The priests and worshipers were engaged in the unreligious task of eating dried watermelon seeds. In a short time two attendants brought in large trays containing sacrificial goods and utensils. Everything was arranged in triplicate, the services being in honor of the distinguished josses Lew, Kwan and Jon. There were three pairs of chopsticks, three cups, three saucers, three bowls, three plates, three spoons, and many other triplets. Three immense candlesticks of fantastic pattern, each containing a candle which in size, shape and color looked like a boiled beet, were then placed on the table and the candles lighted. A large bronze urn, eighteen inches high, filled with fine white sand, was then placed in front of the candlesticks and the sacrificial wares arranged in irregular lines. The priest turned to the audience and extended his hand. All arose and adjusted their queues, robes and hats. The priest walked over to the praying-mats, and stood upon the one nearest the middle of the table. An attendant handed him a pot of hot tea, which he took and with which he filled the three teacups on the table. He then knelt and made three bows, to the west, north and east, and thereupon from each cup spilled a few drops of tea upon the floor before each of the three divinities. The second attendant brought a delicate porcelain pitcher of orange-wine with which the priest went through the same ceremony as with the tea. He then from a lacquered tray lifted a handful of joss-sticks, which after igniting he inserted in the white sand of the bronze urn. From these a thick cloud of dense aromatic smoke rose during the remainder of the ceremony and filled the rooms until all seemed to be in a thin, gray mist. He then saluted the three divinities each three times and then blessed the congregation. He next proceeded to "lay up treasure in heaven" by burning imitation money in a chafing dish. This money comprised trade and Mexican dollars cut out of silver tinsel, American eagles, Chinese coins and ingots from gold tinsel and miniature imitations of greenbacks. Again more bows and blessings. When the last V had been consumed an elder of the congregation came forward and handed the priest a bundle of strips of red paper on which were written the prayers of those present and of friends unable to attend. These followed the fate of the burned money. During its combustion the priest again knelt and bowed so vigorously that his forehead struck the floor several times with considerable violence. Rising he turned, blessed the congregation, and going across the room joined them. They then, one by one, proceeded to the place he had vacated, knelt, bowed and saluted in about the same manner. When the reporter left about twenty had gone through the ceremony. Two hours afterward the priest was assisting the proprietor of a neighboring saloon in violating the excise law, and nearly, if not quite all, of the congregation were gambling in adjacent fan-tan saloons.

An illustration of the changes effected by the Chinese missions is in the diminution in the number of and more especially in the business done by the gambling houses and joints of Chinatown. There are now but eighteen of the former and two of the latter where two years ago there were respectively thirty-five and twenty.—*Wong Chin Foo, in New York World.*

A Dog's Fight for Life with Ravens.

The *Echo de la Frontiere* recently gave an account of a remarkable occurrence in that part of the country. It was to the effect that some ravens that were starving during the snowy weather of January had pounced upon a dog and devoured him. Wishing to assure ourselves of the truth of the statement, we wrote directly to the superintendent of the Saint Albert glassworks, who, at our request, kindly gave us some accurate data upon the subject. We reproduce a portion of his letter:

My dog, which was a long-haired Scotch terrier, was playing with some other dogs in a field adjoining the works, when he was attacked by some ravens that were doubtless famished. He was about two hundred feet from the building, when the workmen saw him surrounded by the birds. There were at least a hundred of the latter in the field, but only about thirty of them had attacked him. These at first surrounded him on every side, but soon divided into two bands. Some flew in front of the dog, other behind him, pushing him forward. Those in front of him rose to a height of about six feet and then swooped down upon him, and always struck him in the same place. The dog, which had at first tried to defend himself, endeavored to escape, but the ravens in front and behind prevented him, and kept continually lacerating him with their bills. They had put out one of his eyes, had made a deep wound in his neck, and would certainly have picked him to pieces upon the spot had not a boy of the establishment been sent to his relief by the workmen.

When the dog was picked up, the ravens, far from flying away, remained near the earth, rather aggressive than timorous. They remained for some time whence their prey had been taken, while the boy ran to the works with the poor old faithful dog, which had to be killed two days afterward, on account of his wounds.—*La Nature, France.*

It costs over $5,000 a year to clean the crown jewels of England.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A bullet travels a mile in three and two-tenths seconds.

The United States uses more soap to each inhabitant than any country in the world.

One of the customs of the Thibetans is to pull their cheeks in order to show surprise.

Mexicans are said to be of all shades of color, ranging from nearly a pure white to a perfect black.

Among the objects of special interest at the Fulham, the bishop of London's suburban palace, is the original manuscript account of the voyage of the Mayflower, in the handwriting of Governor Bradford.

The pyramid of Cholula, not far from the city of Mexico, is the most massive monument ever raised in America. Its base covers forty-five acres, it is 150 feet high, in terraces composed of stone and brick and natural soil heaped up in layers.

The seven Bibles of mankind are; The Bible, the Vedas of the Brahmans, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Zend Avesta of the Parsees or Persians, the Chinese Sacred Books of Confucius, the Chinese Sacred Book of Laon-tsze and the Mohammedan Koran.

Locusts are an article of food in portions of Africa, Arabia and Persia of such importance that the price of provisions is influenced by the quantity of the dried insects on hand. The Tauregs, of Africa, are very fond of them, and a single individual will eat 300 of them—raw, roasted or stewed—at a single meal.

Sir Joseph Fayrer considers it most remarkable that a poisonous snake cannot poison one of its species, and only slightly any venomous snake, although it quickly kills harmless snakes. A vigorous cobra can kill several dogs or from a dozen to twenty fowls before its bite becomes impotent, and the rapid resecretion of virus soon makes it as dangerous as ever.

The theory that our Indians are the lost tribes of Israel was probably first promulgated by James Adair, author of a "History of the American Indians" (London, 1775). Dr. Ellis Boudinet, first president of the American Bible Society, published in 1816 a book called "Star of the West, or, An Attempt to Discover the Long-Lost Tribes of Israel," in which he advocated the theory.

Mute Pianos.

Joseny, the pianist, practices hours daily upon a dumb piano, and Von Bulow carries one with him in his travels to keep up his practice, and Liszt is said to use one assiduously. The object of substituting a silent instrument, which is said to be growing in favor with musicians, is to subordinate the sense of hearing in practice, and to protect the player from the nervous fatigue produced by the use of that sense, at the same time that the senses of sight and touch are employed. A skilled musician said recently that the exhaustion from practising upon a piano was greater than most persons imagined. He doubted whether a street paver was as much exhausted by a day's labor as a man who is obliged to practise all the afternoon. He favored the use of a piano that made no noise. He had heard a physician say that the nervous headaches of young women in musical conservatories were largely due to the din of practice, and it was often thought that this noise impaired the musical sense. The mute piano makes the performer depend upon his eye and his touch, and enforces more attention to the score, so that he will be able to get a notion of the music upon sight reading. There are some mute pianos in New York and several in Boston. The first one sent to this country came from Weimar, and after the model of this one others were constructed. The mute piano has a full keyboard, and has the appearance of an ordinary piano, but there is neither sounding board nor strings within the instrument. The keys are weighted with lead, and provided with springs which cause them to quickly go back to their places when touched. The tension may be regulated so as to correspond with the piano to be used for playing the music with sounds. Then the touch need not be varied, and the sounding piano need not be used except to correct errors in the shading of notes. It is further claimed that it is economy to use a mute piano, as an expert will play havoc with a good piano in two or three years' hard practice. The muscular and nervous strength required in modern exhibition piano playing is surprisingly great. Faellen, of Baltimore, has so worked upon the muscles of his fingers as to be able to surprise his acquaintances with feats of digital strength and nerve. Carrero, with a very small hand, can crush the finger of a strong man without moving her arm. This power comes from long practice, which to the devotee is limited only by endurance, and it is expected that the mute piano will increase practice, and accordingly develop more brilliant and difficult piano playing. The instruments are inexpensive, but are made only when ordered. A piano manufacturer says that they should not cost over $25 or $30, as one can easily be made out of a cast-off instrument.—*Saturday Evening Herald*

A Bulgarian Funeral.

A funeral procession, described by Mr. More in his recent work, entitled, "Under the Balkans," was remarkable in the first place for a yoke of white oxen drawing a wagon with wicker sides, on which the coffin—that of a woman—was placed feet foremost. On the front of the wagon rode the priest, carrying in his hands a sacristy made of clay; and behind sat one of the relatives. It was followed by a small crowd of about twenty or thirty mourners, mostly women, wearing gowns of coarse home-spun cloth, colored aprons, and handkerchiefs on their heads, being the usual costume of the country. Arriving at the ruins of the battered and destroyed church of St. George, the procession stopped, and the mourners crossed themselves, while the priest scattered incense on all sides. The corpse, which was wrapped in a colored blanket, the face only being exposed, was carried into the church, placed before the altar, and laid feet eastward in the blanket, the head being supported by a pillow. The body was clad in a gold-braided bridal costume, a handkerchief on the head, shoes and stockings on the feet, and a gold chain around the neck. On the breast was placed a lighted triple-branched wax taper, and bunches of flowers were also laid on the breast and placed in the hand. A small oil lamp was burning near the head. A loaf of bread on a plate, a pan of boiled wheat, and a dish of honey were set near the corpse. The mourners and congregation to the number of about fifty, mostly women, each held a lighted taper, as did also the two officiating priests and the clerks."

Venezuela has more territory than France, Spain and Portugal together, and is about one-seventh as large in area as the United States. The population in 1884 was 2,121,000, with only a slight increase for ten years. The country could sustain a population of 100,000,000, for the soil is exceedingly rich, and produces two crops a year without fertilization or irrigation. There are three zones, three climates, within the limits of Venezuela, from cold too intense to be endured by man, to the greatest degree of heat known to the earth's surface.

Water in the flooded Comstock mines ebbs and flows with the regularity of ocean tides.

DR. TALMAGE ON ROLLERS.

WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ABOUT SKATING RINKS.

The Tabernacle Pastor Favors Them When There Are Suitable Restrictions—He Denounces Flirtation.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached before a very large audience on "The Good and Evil of Roller Skating." "The noise of the wheels over against them," and "The noise of the rattling of the wheels," were two texts which Dr. Talmage selected from the Old Testament. "In one home," he said, "are the wheels of help and in the other are the wheels of destruction. The good or the bad wheels of this world will determine its destiny; wheels of railway trains, of printing presses, of sewing machines, balance wheels, belt wheels, driving wheels! And now the wheel has been applied to amusements. Are the roller skates wheels of help or wheels of destruction? Never in my time has there been so much discussion of the subject of amusements as now. For the last twenty-five years I have been looking for some healthful amusement for the rescue of this nation. Of honest, healthful amusement there has been an awful scarcity. There is no lack of gambling saloons. There are plenty of grog-shops where the owner, by the expenditure of $12 for alcohol, can make a mixture that he can sell for $200. Plenty of gates of hell, and all of them open; but of honest, healthful amusement there is a scarcity. Seven o'clock in the evening finds thousands of men at home, at boarding-house or at hotel. How shall they spend the evening? 'Go to prayer-meeting,' says one. Well, that will do for two evenings of the week and for Sunday evening, but what of the four evenings left for secular puposes? 'Go to a lecture on astronomy,' you say, but the young man is tired out with adding up long rows of figures, and trying to make people buy what they don't want. He doesn't want to know anything about other worlds, for he has a hard enough time in this.

"What our people want is some recreation that will help body and mind, and will enable them to go to sleep at 11 P.M. and awake refreshed at 7 A.M. That will make them not merely splinters of humanity; not masculine and feminine apologies. People are asking if the skating rinks are providing this kind of amusement. You ask me if I favor them. I answer, yes, with restrictions; without restrictions, no. Some of them have exhilarated the body and mind, given health and strength, and afforded innocent amusement. But there is as much difference between skating rinks as between heaven and hell. Skating rink exercise, with proper precautions, seems to me to be the most healthy of all amusements. It eclipses bat and ball, croquet and lawn tennis. It is good for the nerves, for the muscles, and for the spirits. It has all the advantages of the gymnasium and the old-time skating on ice ponds, without the dangers. It would be well if all our young men took one hour a day of this exercise. It would be well if our American women who decline to adopt the English habit of the constitutional walk would turn their back on their housekeeping and try for an hour a day this exhilarating sport. The great demand of this country is for some honest amusement for its women, who are dying for the need of it.

"There are possibilities for good in roller skating which I can see in no other amusement. But now I come to the restrictions. Let there be an end to young ladies going alone to any place of amusement. And if a man tips his hat to a lady whom he does not know at a skating rink let the proprietor conduct him to the door and assist him down stairs with all the momentum necessary. Let not the bright lights and the music tempt you to a senseless prolongation of the amusement. Let the deportment of the parlor be the deportment of the skating rink. It is time that the people understood that flirtation is damnation. When on Broadway or Fulton street, when the world of business men are returning home, I see the daughters of respectable families with giggling and unseemly conduct trying to attract masculine attention. I remember that the vast majority of those who make everlasting shipwreck carry that kind of sail.

"Nothing pleases me so much as to see young people having a good time, that is, an innocent good time. People are apt to forget that they were once once boys and girls. Go back forty years and think what was best for you then. Rheumatism is incompetent to give advice to a sound ankle. But amusement is not fit for anything that does not fit us for usefulness. Alas for the man who makes amusement a depletion instead of an augmentation."

The Bagpipe.

The bagpipe—or rather the pipe of some form or other—is an instrument of great antiquity. It was known to the Trojans, and the ancient Egyptians and Greeks were familiar with it. There are references frequently to piping in the Bible: Theocritus mentions it, and according to Prccopius its inspirating strains led the Roman warriors into the field of battle. On the reverse of a coin of the Emperor Nero—said himself to have been a performer on the instrument—something like a bagpipe is represented. It was, it has been stated, included in the band of the Grande Ecurie at Paris, and was played at court concerts in the time of Louis XIV. At the end of the fifteenth century it seems to have become popular in Scotland, but what the precise form of the instrument then was is not known. Some say that it was derived from the Romans, while others are of the opinion that it came through the northern nations to Scotland. At any rate, it seems to have been always one of the musical instruments of the Celtic race. The pipe mentioned in ancient history was simply what is known as the shepherd's reed. After a time a bag was added, and subsequently the drones or burdens. There are now four forms of the modern bagpipe in this country—the great Highland bagpipe, which is blown by the player, the drones being placed over the shoulders; the Lowland bagpipe, which is provided with a bellows for supplying the wind; the Northumberland bagpipe, which is smaller and sweeter than the former two, and the Irish bagpipe, which is a much more complicated instrument than the others.—*London Standard.*

Personalities.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciation, assigning motives, and cutting up characters goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—*John Hall, D. D.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Handling Milk.

Col. T. D. Curtis read a paper before the Mississippi Valley Dairy and Creamery Association at St. Louis, in which occurs the following passage:

"Good milkers and the proper handling of milk are essential. It is quite a knack to milk a cow properly. The operation should be performed regularly and in an orderly manner, without noise, and without excitement. Grasp the teat so as to have, as it were, a handful of milk in it, closing the forefinger and thumb above, so as to prevent the milk from moving upward into the cavity. Then close the hand gently but firmly, the upper fingers closing each a little ahead of the one next below, the whole operation being performed, as it were, simultaneously. Do not dig the nails or ends of the fingers into the skin, so as to hurt the cow, but continue to open and shut the hand as indicated, with a slight downward pull, and each time slipping the hand up so as to grasp a little of the udder and crowd the milk down into the teat, as the thumb and finger close preparatory to the final grip. The operation is much easier to perform by one who knows how than it is to describe, but one quite easy to learn by one who wants to learn it.

"The operation should be performed in a cleanly manner, in a cleanly place, keeping all dirt out of the pail, and all bad odors out of the air by the removal of the droppings, and the free use of deodorizers.

"If set for butter, the milk should be put to rest as soon as possible, as agitation hinders the separation of the cream from the milk. It should be set as warm as possible from the cow, as the more the temperature is lowered before setting, the more imperfect will be the separation of the cream from the milk. If the milk is carried to a factory, or the lowering of the temperature to any great extent is unavoidable, some apparatus for raising the temperature to 100 should be provided. This will obviate the loss by lowering of temperature. The reason for this is, that cream rises best with a falling temperature, and the farther the temperature has to fall, the better the separation. But in no case would I allow the temperature to go below 40°, for another law here sets in which makes a farther fall of temperature detrimental to the raising of cream—that is, the law of expansion, which affects the watery portion that has been contracting down to about forty degrees. Lower temperature, I think, injures the keeping quality of the product; but this is disputed by some.

"It is essential that milk should be set in a clean atmosphere, especially with open setting, where the milk is cooled down below the temperature of the air in the room, for the moment the milk gets colder than the air, the moisture in the air begins to condense on the surface of the milk and the cream to absorb the odors that are in the moisture so condensed. So long as the air is colder than the milk the air absorbs the vapors rising from the milk, and to that extent the milk is purified by the surrounding air; but when the milk gets colder than the air the process is reversed, and the air is purified by the milk. These facts should never be lost sight of in butter-making."

Farm and Garden Notes.

The amount of nitrogen supplied in manure is very much in excess of the amount recovered in the increase of the crop.

It is the general opinion among poultry men that very fat fowls do not lay well. Hence excessive feeding is condemned.

To make economical pork the pig should be kept in a continuously growing condition from the day of his birth until he is delivered into the hands of the butcher.

Do not plant trees in the garden. They will not only shade the growing crops to their detriment, but what is worse, will secure their own nourishment at the expense of the garden, robbing the vegetables and plants of the elements of fertility.

When potatoes are fed to cows they ought to be given in connection with other feed. The average ration of potatoes ought not to be more than one-fourth to one-third of the entire feed. Raw potatoes ought to be cut in slices, and boiled potatoes ought to be crushed.

In planting young trees an Indian farmer mixes the soil that he intends to fill around the tree with one bushel or more of fine chip dirt. This is rich and stimulating, and holds moisture well. In the fall he usually scrapes the tree trunks and washes them off with whale oil soap and water.

Coal ashes may be utilized to a good advantage in the hen house by sifting them around on the floor. The fine dust that flies about and settles on every exposed surface will do no harm, and that which falls on the floors and under the roosts will act as a disinfectant and deodorizer.

Where hogs cannot be allowed to run at large, as is the case on many farms, F. D. Curtis, an excellent authority, favors the planting of artichokes and sweet corn, or the sowing of oats, rye alfalfa, the object to secure more green food than is given in the common way of raising hogs.

Horses troubled with heaves should be fed little dry food. Clover hay is especially objectionable, not only from the dust with which it is filled from imperfect curing, but also because horses like this hay so much that they gorge themselves with it. Cut straw, well moistened and sprinkled with meal, will make a feed that will restore a horse not too far gone with heaves to activity and usefulness.

A line of any kind of trees along a fence will injure the crop for some distance inland. Some trees are worse than others, the hickory and butternut being such gross feeders that they are said to poison the land which they cover. In most cases their bad effects are seen much further than the droppings of their leaves can reach, and especially with potatoes or other root crops, which need all the moisture the soil can furnish.

A few fresh bones finely crushed are excellent to make hens lay. Partially burning them will enable any one to pound them in small pieces with little difficulty. They contain lime in much better condition for making the shells of eggs than it can be got in oyster shells, which are frequently recommended. As proof of the want which bones supply, laying hens will eat them far more greedily than fowls which do not lay.

Smearing the shells with linseed oil is reported to be a good way to preserve eggs. Rub the oil over the egg with the tip of the finger and suffer it to become dry on the shell. Eggs rubbed over with flaxseed oil in three months lost four per cent., and in six months four and a half per cent. of their weight, and when opened were found to be fresh, with the smell of fresh eggs. Eggs not so treated lost eleven per cent. of their weight in three months, and in six months thirteen per cent.

There is no such disease as hollow horn. When cattle are sick their horns are apt to be cold, but we must look elsewhere than to the horn for the disease. Indigestion is quite apt to be the cause, and this is often accompanied with loss of appetite, indicated by a refusal to chew the cud. It is a popular mistake to suppose that the cud has been lost and must be replaced. We might as well talk of putting an appetite into a dyspeptic man. Exercise and careful feeding will bring cattle around all right, and men also, for that matter.

The lime process of keeping eggs is to take one pint of salt and one quart of fresh lime, and slake with hot water. When slaked, add sufficient water to make four gallons. When well settled pour off the liquid gently into a stone jar. Then with a dish place the eggs in, tipping the dish after it fills with the liquid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell is cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep them covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for one year.

The plan of keeping cows continuously in milk without allowing them to have a calf is practicable, but not to be generally commended. There is not only a decrease in yield in cows so kept, but the milk is less digestible. It is nearly or quite as much labor to milk a farrow cow as one giving a fresh flow of milk. The cow, if well fed, may be milked until six or eight weeks of the time for calving, or even up to it if necessary, but it is better to allow several weeks for the cow to get into condition for producing a large flow of milk when she calves.

Hints on House Cleaning.

Oil of lavender will drive away flies.

Grained wood should be washed with cold tea.

For ordinary woodwork use whiting to rub the dirt off and ammonia.

If paper has been laid under the carpet all dust may be easily removed with it.

Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot, sharp vinegar.

Copperas mixed with the whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water.

Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night destroys cockroaches. They eat it and are poisoned.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water or carbolic acid.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

The warmth of floors is greatly increased by having carpet lining or layers of paper under the carpet.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

It gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can then be washed off with water without harm.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black patches with gum shellac, and they will not strike through either paint or kalsomine.

Carpets should be thoroughly beat on the wrong side first and then on the right side, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water.

Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapsuds quickly, wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it rub with rotten stone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin.

Where hard-finished walls have been kalsomined, the soiled coats should be washed or scraped off before a new one is put on. This is the most disagreeable part of the process. The furniture should be covered, as lime makes spots that are removed with difficulty, especially upon black walnut.

Those who have tried paint upon the walls of rooms speak very strongly in its favor. It closes up the pores of the plaster so that it cannot absorb bad odors, it can be easily cleaned with soda and water (soap and water make it spotty), it can be made of any desired tint. In washing painted walls it is a good plan to remove from the walls everything that can be injured by steam, and then hang sheets wrung from hot water in the room. The vapor condensing on the walls softens the dirt, and it may be wiped off with woolen cloths wrung from soda.

Tree Day In the West.

The new spring holiday of the Western country grows in favor every year. They call it Arbor Day, the word arbor being Latin for tree. The boys and girls, however, call it, when they are talking with one another, Tree Day, which is a better name for it.

On that festive occasion every man, every woman and every child is expected to plant at least one tree. The schools turn out and make a day of it. Colleges and universities have a holiday, of which they spend a portion in tree-planting, and another portion in celebrating the beauty, glory and utility of trees; and you may be sure that some sonorous student does justice, or gallantly tries to do justice, to Bryant's "Forest Hymn."

It was but natural that this exquisite holiday should have been devised in the great West, where both wood and woods are so much needed—wood for daily use as fuel and timber, and woods for beauty, protection and the garnering of the precious moisture upon which fertility depends.

It is interesting, as one rides along over the prairies, to notice how the settlers have striven to extemporize a little show of wood, and to shelter their homes from the steady, strong, unrelenting prairie winds. Sometimes, however, the trees are of too slight a texture to stand many winters on the open plain. Nothing answers the purpose except good, solid, hard-wood trees, such as compose the forests of Ohio and Western New York—oak, beech, hickory, chestnut and ash.

Another thing surprises the traveler going West for the first time, and that is the splendid growth of hard-wood trees in portions of Illinois, and even in newer Iowa, which, within the memory of farmers now living, were naked prairie. There are woods within a hundred miles of Chicago which, after a growth of less than forty years, exhibit much of the luxuriant beauty of the primeval forests in the Eastern States.

Such woods show how adapted the prairie land is to the growth of trees, and give the greatest possible encouragement to tree planting.

Arbor Day is now celebrated in many ways, according to the needs of the region in which the celebration is held. In the far West the effort is made to set out the greatest possible number of trees, for the field is boundless and the need urgent. In other places teachers and pupils direct their efforts chiefly to planting shade-trees along streets, and country roads, and in public parks.—*Youth's Companion.*

Red Pepper and Salt for Cholera.

A Massachusetts correspondent calls our attention to the publication, about thirty years ago, of a very successful cholera cure, introduced in this way: The captain of an emigrant ship, coming from Europe, had lost many of his passengers by cholera, although freely dosing all who were sick with the remedies then usual. At last he made a prescription of his own—one teaspoonful of red pepper and a tablespoonful of salt to a half pint of boiling water; this to be given as hot as possible, to every patient when first taken. It is said that this simple remedy acted as a charm, curing all the cases on board that ship, and attaining considerable general popularity during the time of that cholera visitation.—*Scientific American.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Long polonaises are out of style.

Tricotine is a fashionable dress fabric.

English brides wear moonstones for luck.

Presbyterian blue is a new color in hosiery.

Wool crepe is only a new name for nun's veiling.

Jackets are lined or faced with silk of uniform color.

Embroidered surahs will be very popular this summer.

All the pongees are perfectly covered with embroidery.

Jackets are made short at the back and with loose fronts.

Folded surplice waists are seen on lace, surah and wool dresses alike.

Most of the tailor-made costumes have a finish of galloon or gilt braid set under the edge.

American grenadines show velvet stripes of various widths on the arrow-like meshes.

Some of the new web laces which will be so generally used in thin costumes are embroidered in color.

The Empress Ghyantoka, of Japan, who reigned in the eighth century, originated printing.

White braid, interwoven with gilt or silver and white wool lace are used for trimming serge dresses.

V-shaped bodices are worn with lace elbow sleeves by those who do not care to have quite a low dress.

Gauze and China crepe are used as well as tulle for skirts; they are plain, broche or tufted with chenille.

The Swiss pattern dresses are marvelously cheap this season and can be made most attractive if carefully managed.

In Switzerland women monopolize the telephone business, and in Valparaiso they are employed exclusively as street-car conductors.

It is said to have been a rule with Ninon de l'Enclos, whose skin was the admiration of beholders, to use rain water exclusively.

Some pretty white flannel costumes for summer wear in the country are heavily braided on the waist and sleeves with gilt or silver braid.

The English tailor suits have a little hat of the same material with rolling brim. Gordon blue is the stylish color for these imported costumes.

Scrim makes the foundation of a great deal of the darning stitch embroidery; for sofa cushions particularly does this make a very desirable ground.

Black cashmere and Henrietta cloth, either quite plain or embroidered all over with silk, are used for polonaises to be worn over skirts of watered silk.

A Good Breakfast.

Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Overlee, Baltimore county, Maryland, writes: I was greatly benefited by the use of Red Star Cough Cure, when suffering from a severe cold. My cook was seriously ill from a deep-seated cough. She had consulted her doctor without relief. By my advice she used the Cough Cure in connection with an external application of St. Jacobs Oil to her side. In one night the change wrought was most gratifying and astonishing. In the morning she was like a new person.

The most valuable metal known is venadium, which is worth about $10,000 a pound.

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Complicated and obstinate cases of blood taints, ulcers, obstructions, unnatural discharges, exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous, mental, and organic debility, varicocele, hydrocele, diseases of prostrate gland, kidneys and bladder, piles, fistulas and rupture, all permanently cured. Staff of twelve expert specialists in constant attendance, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

TEN-SEVENTEENTHS of all the voters in the United States are engaged in farming pursuits.

Drowsiness in the Day-time

unless caused by lack of sleep or from overeating, is a symptom of disease. If it be accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

ON a farm near East Aurora, N. Y., was discovered recently a belt of solid salt sixty-five feet thick.

A lady writes: "Your *Hop Porous Plaster* does the work every time. I do not have that awful pain in the side now." Your experience will be the same. Sold everywhere, 25c.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			17
Beef cattle, good to prime l w	11¼	@	12
Calves, com'n to prime veals	3¾	@	5⅝
Sheep	5	@	6
Lambs	6¼	@	7
Hogs—Live	4¾	@	5
Dressed, city	5	@	5¾
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 25	@	4 75
West. good to choice	4 40	@	6 25
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 00¾	@	1 00¾
Rye—State	73	@	75
Barley—Four-rowed State		@	80
Corn—Ungrad. West, mixed	54	@	55
Oats—White State	42	@	46
Mixed Western	41	@	41½
Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy	85	@	95
Straw—No. 1, Rye	90	@	95
Lard—City Steam	7 10	@	7 40
Butter—Extra Creamery	25	@	28
Dairy	23	@	25
West. Im. Creamery	15	@	23
Factory	9	@	16
Cheese—State Factory	7	@	12½
Skims	1	@	8
Western	8	@	10
Eggs—State and Penn	14	@	15
BUFFALO.			
Sheep—Good to Choice	3 10	@	4 75
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	5 20
steers—Western	5 90	@	6 50
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	4 30	@	4 50
Flour—Cy ground n. process	5 80	@	5 90
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 12	@	
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New		@	60
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	39	@	
Barley—Two-rowed State	—	@	—
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	13 00	@	14 50
Hogs—Live	4¾	@	5
Northern Dressed	5¾	@	6
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	11 50	@	12 00
Flour—Winter Wheat pat's	5 75	@	6 25
Corn—High Mixed	55	@	57
Oats—Extra White	47	@	47½
Rye—State	77	@	80
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 37	@	7 00
Sheep—Live weight	5	@	5¾
Lambs	4	@	6¾
Hogs—Northern, d. w	5¾	@	6¼
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	3 37	@	3 75
Wheat—No. 2, Red	90	@	92
Rye—State		@	72
Corn—State Yellow	50	@	54
Oats—Mixed		@	35
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	26	@	30
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	11¾	@	14

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

EUROPE and India consume annually about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume.

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. Its effect is magical, and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c. At druggists. 60c. by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

I have been troubled with Catarrh of the head and throat for the last five years. About three years ago I commenced the use of Ely's Cream Balm, and from the first application I was relieved. The sense of smell, which had been lost, was restored after using one bottle. I have found the Balm the only remedy for Catarrh I have used with satisfaction, and it has accomplished a cure in my case.—H. L. Myer, Waverly, N. Y.

Having used Ely's Cream Balm about a year, I can say it is just the thing for catarrh. Miss Mattie A. Baker, East Templeton, Mass.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c Liquid, 25c.

Now is the time to prevent and cure Skin Diseases, and to secure a white, soft and beautiful complexion use "BERSON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP." 25 cents by Druggist, or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Phila., Pa.

Mothers.

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgts.

See F. & R.s' Gluten Flour adv. next week.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures, dyspepsia, sexual debility. $1.

LONDON has four fire districts, each brigade having 600 men and officers.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage, expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

IT costs over $5,000 a year, it is said, to keep and clean the crown jewels of England.

Purify Your Blood

Your Blood may be laden with impurities, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly cleanse, enrich and vitalize it. The most severe cases of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples—in fact all affections arising from impure blood, yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It also